HOW I BROKE THE MY LAI STORY by SEYMOUR M. HERSH

Saturday Review

July 11, 1970/50¢

TV

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?

by NICHOLAS JOHNSON

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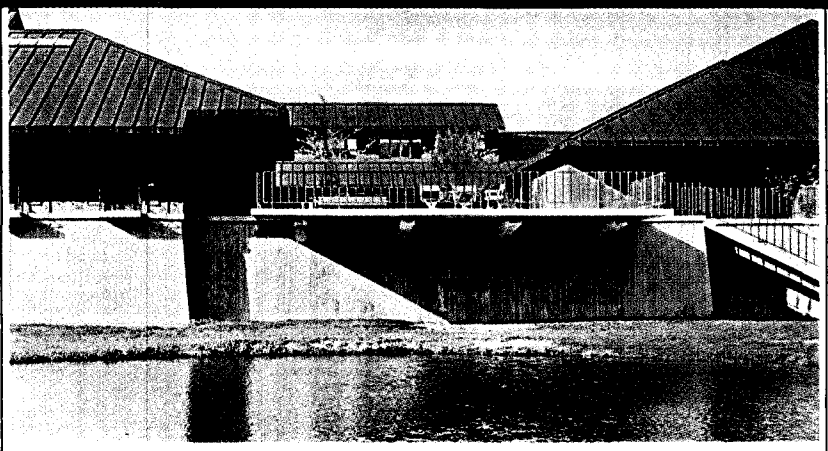

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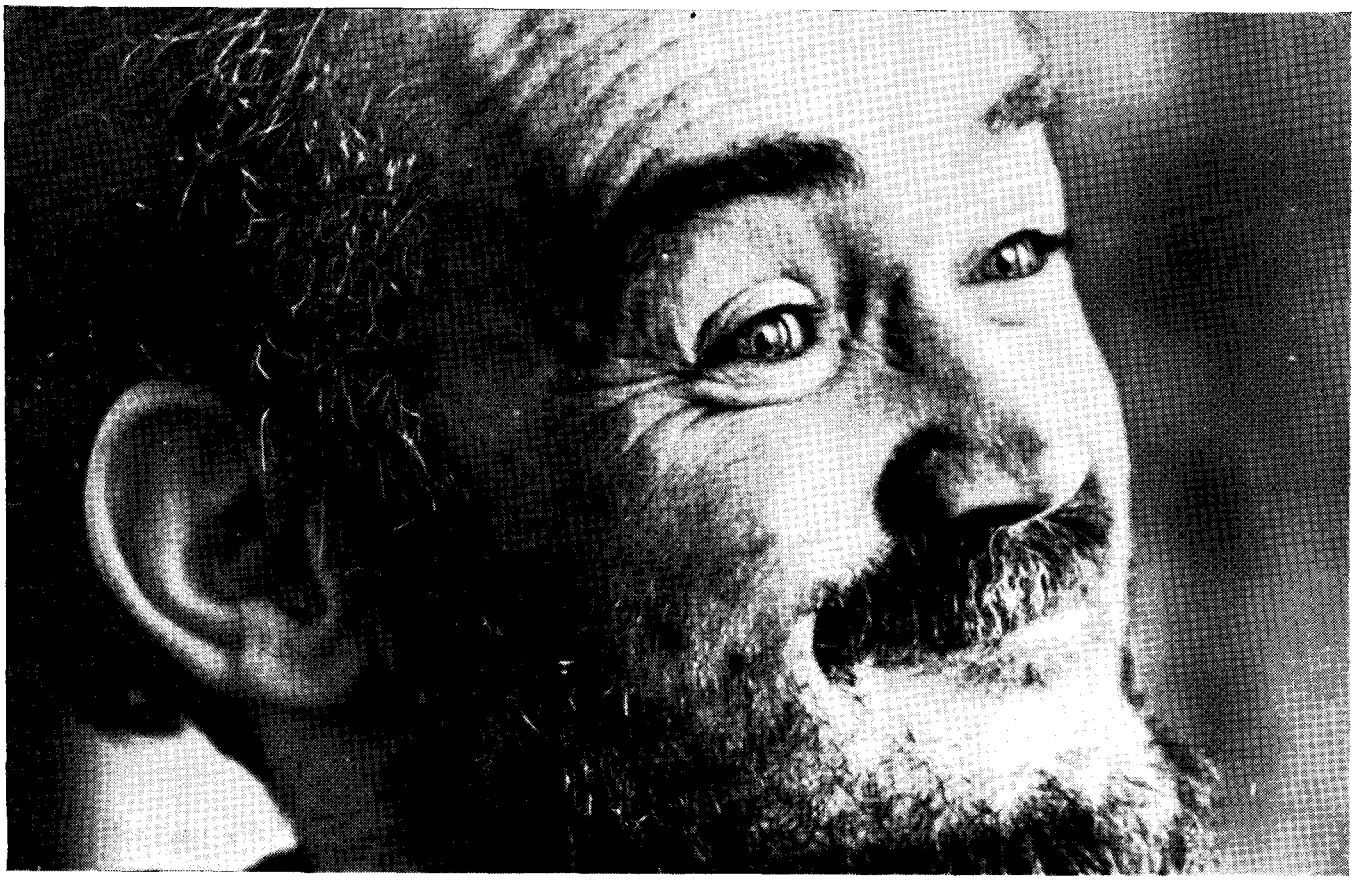

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

What Ever Happened to Fido?

As a writer, I am often called upon by friends to lend my superb talent to naming their dogs. They've come to the right place. I've gained some renown in this field, even if I do say so myself, because we once had a West Highland terrier, whose fur, you know, is pure white. I named him Blackie. This was always good for a big laugh and some applause for my ingenuity.

This rare gift of naming dogs is second nature to me. And I am happy to oblige many friends who call to take advantage of it. Dog names come to me in a flash of inspiration. As one came when a friend called to announce she had acquired a little French poodle.

"What do you think of the name 'Mignon'?" she asked.

"No good," I replied quickly. "Too many French poodles are named 'Mignon'! I suggest you call her 'Filet.'"

"Oh," she said, "there's someone at the door. I'll call you back."

She never did. But I'm sure she loved it, and little Filet has found herself a friendly home.

I've had only one rejection. A family of relatives in the Midwest wrote that their children wanted a dog. The pet of their choice was a sheep dog, a little pup who would grow up one day to eat them out of house and bone. With my usual flash, I wrote suggesting their sheep dog should be called "Baldy."

That was almost a year ago. Recently, I stopped off to visit them and was met at the door by a huge carpet of white and gray fur that hurled itself at me and licked my glasses.

"Hello, Baldy," I said. "Glad to see me, aren't you, Baldy? OK, Baldy, that's enough. Sit, Baldy."

He sat. And one of the children said, "Gee, he sat. He never does that for us."

"He doesn't do anything when we command him," said the mother.

"Besides," said the smallest of the tots, "his name ain't Baldy. It's Oliver."

Although I can't take rejection, I put on my best smile and said, "Well, hello, Oliver. Shake hands, Oliver."

Oliver stared at me and backed up. Like a flash, I realized the problem. He didn't like the name of Oliver. Dog lovers don't know it, but dogs are sensitive about their names. Take the case of another dog I know that was originally named Rover.

Rover was a ferocious-looking bulldog, which the children of the family had named Rover, because, as one of the youngsters told me, "he roved into our back yard." Rover was of mixed breed, obviously came from disadvantaged parents, had little education, and was not interested in finding a place for himself in the mainstream.

They had sent Rover to a school for dogs to learn to heel and sit. But to no avail. Rover soon became a dropout, and returned home listless and apathetic, still refusing to conform, or to obey any command.

The parents had hoped he would be a fun companion for the kids and also be a watchdog. But Rover showed no signs of belligerence. He was so lackadaisical he had never even barked. A member of the Silent Majority.

The children tried to teach him to bark. "Arf, arf," they shouted at Rover. Rover rejected "Arf" as any kind of hot rhetoric suitable to our times. Actually, only one dog I ever heard of said "Arf." That was Sandy, Orphan Annie's shaggy friend.

I came into the picture when the father told me about the trouble the family was having with Rover.

"Rover?" I said. "That's no name for a bulldog. I suggest you rename him 'Peace.' You'll thank me someday."

He phoned two days later.

"Man," he shouted, "did you get me into a peck of trouble! I have two summonses here, from the postman, and the milkman. Peace not only barked at them, but he bit 'em."

"Of course," I said. "It's the uniform. The symbol of war. He's trying to protect you from the enemy at your door."

"But he's expanded the war. Today, Peace bit 'em at our neighbor's door."

"Naturally. He's not going to let the enemy find sanctuary in your neighbor's territory," I replied.

"Yeh? Well, not only did he bite them, but Peace tore into the cat next door, and they had to take it to a hospital, and our neighbors are calling the ASPCA to take our dog away. What do I do?"

"Negotiate," I advised quickly. "It's the only way you can keep Peace."

Perhaps you miss the point of that subtle allegory. If it's too obscure for you, it can be best explained in a moral —without which no allegory should be.

Moral: If you're going to write a column about naming dogs, don't let the subject slip too far away, else you wind up with a moral that cats and dogs fight like people.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Dateline of the Week—from the Concord, New Hampshire *Daily Monitor*:

HASHINGTON, D.C. (AP) Opponents of proposed war curbs . . .

"What we've long suspected to be the major activity of our national capital," writes Elinor Blodgett of Peterborough, New Hampshire, "has now been recognized."

Our caption of the week, under a picture in the Hartford *Courant*, was located by the Reverend Sherrill Smith, Sr., of Wethersfield, Connecticut:

> J. C. Helms, 29, a Harvard graduate from Santa Fe, N.M., will become Vice President Agnew's speech writer. Helms gave "a wringing indictment of the Harvard administration" in testimony before a Senate Committee.

Wring out the old, we say, wring in Agnew. Meanwhile, as if that weren't enough, not one but two Pennsylvanians, James Banham, Jr., of Media, and William Marsh, Jr., of Philadelphia, both captured, from the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the same caption:

> Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Fraser, Jr., of Philadelphia, are pictured at Delphi, Greece, where they exploded antiquities.

We can only hope they uncovered some colonels of truth. We hasten to add, however, that Mr. Fraser is the retired head of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the oldest art school in the country.

At the American Booksellers Convention in Washington, Bernard Bergman, book review editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, warned us not to expect items from him—the *Bulletin* "nearly never," he said, "makes a typo." On the other hand, Larry Kavanaugh of Fresno, California, nominated as No. 1 in this regard, his paper, the San Francisco *Chronicle*. As evidence he submitted the following:

> I feel a lot stronger this
> Ruth's all-time home run
> tinues to creep up on Babe
> says Willie Mays as he con-
> year, but I don't want to
> mark.

"If one tries to plot the correct line sequence," Mr. Kavanaugh writes, "by labeling the lines a,b,c,d,e, and f, one finds the order in which the lines should have run to be a,e,x,d,c,b,f—x equaling unknown slug of type missing. . . . Unless, of course," he concludes, "the first sentence was meant to read 'I feel a lot stronger this mark,' which in the *Chronicel* is entirely possible."

Lunching with Simon & Schuster publisher Peter Schwed, we learned that there are occasions, despite what authors like to believe, when publishers can be useful. Such a one occurred in connection with Jack Finney's new science fiction novel *Time and Again*, a story about a man who goes back in time to the 1880s. "When I first saw the manuscript," Mr. Schwed said, "I loved the story. But when I looked at the photographs which came with it, I said, 'Dammit all, Jack, I don't like the look of your heroine.'" "But," Finney protested, "I can't find any pictures of really good-looking 1880s girls." "Nonsense," Schwed said. And with that he admits he dismissed Finney and embarked on a search. "I looked and looked," he told us, "in every old album and picture book I could find. I don't know whether it was all that piled up hair or those high necklines or those busts or what, but the plain and simple fact of the matter was that Finney was right—the girls in the 1880s just weren't that good-looking. Then, just as I was about to give up, I happened to look at the table beside my reading chair, and there was a picture of my wife. It was taken when she was twenty-three—with her hair down. 'Boy,' I thought, 'I've found my girl.'"

We told him frankly we didn't believe a word of it. Schwed ignored us. "The drawing of the girl on page 213 of the book," he said proudly, "is a literal drawing of that photograph of my wife. But that wasn't all. Even after we had that drawing, we still had to find an actual photograph of the girl—because the hero of the story actually took pictures. And do you know whose picture we finally ended up with for that?"

We gave up. "My mother," Mr. Schwed said triumphantly. Whereupon he showed us the evidence—not only page 153 of the book, but also right on the book jacket. "Only promise me," he concluded sternly, "that, however you write this story, you won't end up by saying I wanted a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad."

Promises, promises, we said.

On the title front, one of our favorites is *What the Hell Are They Trying to Prove, Martha?* It's a book of magazine pieces, mostly about today's new self-expressionism, by *Holiday*'s Dick Atcheson. Meeting Mr. Atcheson, we asked him who the hell Martha was?

"I understand," he replied, "it's what the Attorney General says to his wife every morning.

"Seriously," he told us, "at the time I chose it, Martha Mitchell was not that well known. But every little bit helps, you know." We next asked Mr. Atcheson, who is thirty-five, if he knew the answer to the rest of his title. "I don't have an easy answer," he told us, "but I'm an unabashed enthusiast for the new generation. My son, for example, is the most alive human being you ever saw."

How old, we asked, was he? "Two," Mr. Atcheson replied. "I was a member of the Silent Generation," he continued. "I was Class of '56 at Princeton—the bottom of the Silents, you might say. It was frightening—we were brought up in lock step. And when we brought Alger Hiss to Princeton, we had people going in with upturned coat collars. Today may be baffling, but whatever it is, two cars and membership in the country club aren't enough."

Atcheson, who now lives in Princeton, has plenty of personal experience with what he's talking about—he and his wife have not only three small children of their own but also three grown-up college-age foster children, who are the children of close friends of theirs who died. "We worried a lot about it. We knew it would be risky and dangerous and might even be fatal. But their guardian was a bank, and we figured banks close at three and are never open at Christmas.

"We all start out," Mr. Atcheson concluded, "doing damnably repressive things to our kids. We make them shy and embarrassed and afraid of risk. And I know very few people who are willing to let twenty-year-olds talk—yet I've seen plenty of twenty-year-olds being called upon to, and able to, defend their whole generation. My generation never even did enough to be called upon to defend itself."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1891)

PABLO CASALS: *JOYS AND SORROWS* (AS TOLD TO ALBERT E. KAHN)

My mother studied too while I was studying. She studied not only foreign languages but other subjects as well. She did this not only to help me with my work but also to keep any gap from developing between us in our education.

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PAINTING ON LEFT, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

Good Art?

Bad Art?

What would your judgment be?

Here are two paintings, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art program. The one at the left, Pierre Cot's *The Storm*, was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880s. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting, Oskar Kokoschka's *The Tempest*, was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art.

If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, could you express a well-reasoned opinion about them? Or would you be tongue-tied, unwilling to say anything because you're afraid you do not know enough?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such people that New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created Art Seminars in the Home, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal the fundamentals you should look for in any painting you see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

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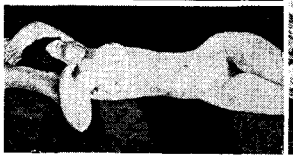

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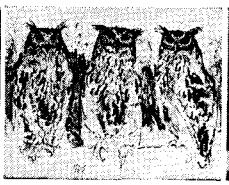

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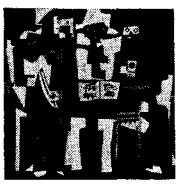

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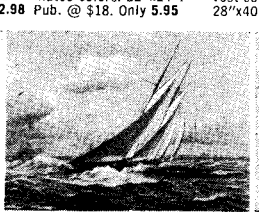
254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in lovely shades of purple lavender & blue. Impressionist masterpiece. 22″x22″. Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

310. MODIGLIANI. PORTRAIT OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Reds pinks & black. 16″x27″. Pub. @ $20. Only **5.95** **535.** On paper. Only **2.98**



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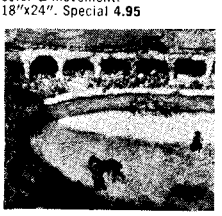

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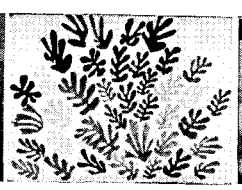

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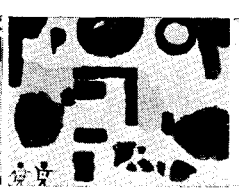

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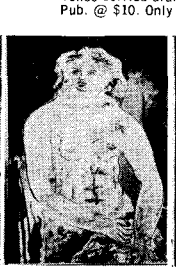

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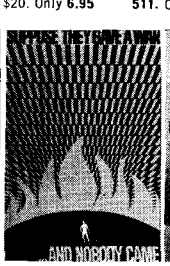

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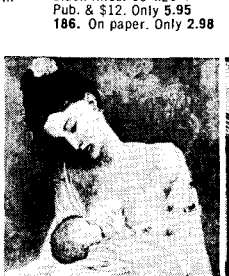

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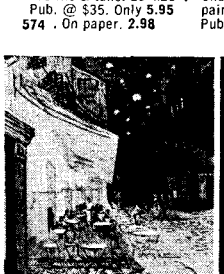

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The Case of Peol Sussep

"Hope fills the heart of us all. Peace is good—these my Indians love it well. They smile under its shade."

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

Castine is a small seaport on Maine's Penobscot Bay with a population of fewer than 1,000. It has suffered less by despoiling change than most old Yankee towns. In the early years of the settling of this country, Castine, because of its commanding geographic position, took on major military significance. It was also the setting for one of the country's earliest testings of the rights of a minority group.

The year was 1817. The scene of action was the old church, Castine's Meeting House, which served as the town's all-purpose building. The bell tower, which rises above the surrounding locust trees, has been attributed to Charles Bulfinch. The original bell had come from Paul Revere's foundry in Boston, but during hard times it was swapped for a less costly one by Joseph Revere.

The incident leading up to the case being tried in Castine had actually occurred in Bangor, then little more than a frontier village thirty miles up the Penobscot. There Indians roamed the streets, along with sailors and lumbermen who came to cut the virgin timberland. The Indians were regarded as second-rate citizens, fair game for anyone who wanted to underpay them for the menial jobs they performed.

On June 16, 1816, a Penobscot Indian roustabout named Peol Sussep entered the slab-sided tavern of William Knight. Rum, thanks to the Yankees, had become a way of life for the Indians. Sussep had money for rum, but Knight refused to serve him. The ensuing altercation boiled up to a fight. Knight wrestled Sussep out the door and kicked him down the steps.

Under Indian law, revenge is justifiable. It was the practice of the Indians to settle their own affairs in tribal court sessions; they never turned to a Yankee court for jurisdiction among themselves. Sussep gathered himself up, drew his knife, and lunged back into the tavern. Attacking Knight, Sussep missed the tavern keeper's heart, but got in a deep thrust below his shoulder. The wound was not immediately fatal, but an Indian knife would hardly be sterile. Knight died in a few days from the infection.

Sussep landed in the lockup, where he languished until the session of the court at Castine a year later. The charge was murder.

Support for Sussep had been building among not only his fellow tribesmen but the Passamaquoddy Indians to the east. Standing with them were many citizens of Bangor who were aware that provocation had been given by Knight, and that Sussep's violent reaction would have been condoned under Indian law.

In what must have been one of the young country's first demonstrations of voluntary espousal of a liberal cause, Sussep's supporters hired the legal luminary Prentiss Mellen, an attorney then enjoying great success. The prosecution was handled by D. David, Solicitor General.

On the day of the trial, the pews in the Meeting House were filled to capacity. Mellen added a touch of splendor by appearing in his full-dress court outfit—ruffled shirt, tail coat, and knee breeches. Indians from as far away as Saint John and Passamaquoddy attended in their full regalia, as did Sussep's own tribesmen. In full view of the jury were the defendant's squaw and their four wide-eyed children. The judges were in the pulpit. The jury sat facing the court below.

Presentation of the case and the hearing of evidence took only one day. Mellen entered a plea of not guilty in behalf of Sussep; he persuaded the jury to reduce the charge to manslaughter. Even this lesser charge, however, carried with it a long prison sentence.

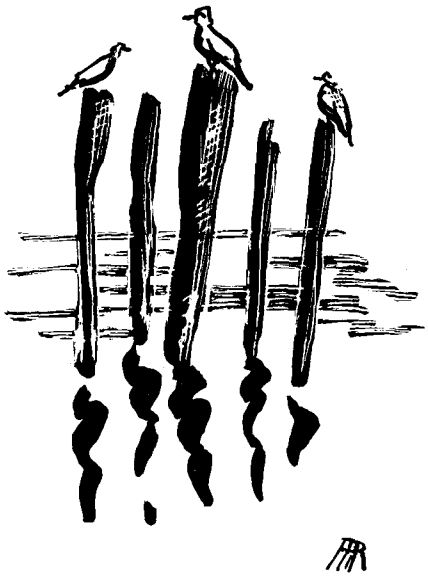
The court, before pronouncing sentence, asked Sussep if he had anything to say in his own behalf. Sussep replied, "John Neptune will speak for me." Neptune was chief of the Penobscot tribe, and was resplendent in his colorful chieftain's attire. The big moment, no doubt planned by Mellen, had arrived. Neptune moved slowly forward and stood directly below the judges. He spoke in broken English, but with a clear voice that carried to the farthest seat in the gallery. William Durkee Williamson's *History of Maine*, published in 1832, provides this account of Neptune's remarks:

> You know your people do my Indians great deal of wrong. They abuse them very much. Yes, they murder them, they walk right off—nobody touches them. This makes my heart burn. Well, then, my Indians say, "We'll go kill your bad and wicked men." "No, I tell 'em, never do that thing. We are brothers." . . . Some time ago a very bad man about Boston shot an Indian dead. Your people said, "Surely he should die," but it was not so. In the great prison house, he eats and lives to this day, certain he never dies for killing Indian. My brothers say, "Let that bloody man go free, Peol Sussep, too." So we wish—hope fills the heart of us all. Peace is good—these my Indians love it well. They smile under its shade. The white man and red man must be always friends. The Great Spirit's our Father. I speak what I feel.

Chief Neptune's appeal moved the jury. Sussep was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, one year of which was considered to have been the year he had already spent in jail. He was also required to put up a bond of $500 as surety that he would keep the peace for at least a year after his release from prison.

The court record shows that John Neptune was joined by Capt. Solomond of the Passamaquoddies and "Capt. Jo Tomer from the River St. John" to become Sussep's "sureties in recognizance." Counselor Mellen "received thirty half dollars."

Thus, the citizens of Castine and their Indian neighbors saw justice executed with understanding, compassion, and a sense of brotherhood.



FRANCIS W. HATCH, formerly one of the country's foremost advertising executives, is now a free-lance journalist who lectures widely on the New England scene.

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Hunger and the Preschool Child

Our good friends at the Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome have sent along some pretty devastating statistics showing that two-thirds of the world's preschool children now suffer from malnutrition to the extent that it retards their growth and permanently damages their health. In a recent address to FAO delegates, Director General Addeke Boerma pointed out that the demand for milk, the ideal protein-rich food for children, is rising more rapidly than milk supplies in almost all of the developing countries. Particularly in the cities, people have more money to spend on milk than can be had, even at higher prices. And although bold plans for a significant increase in dairy production are forging ahead in underdeveloped areas, Mr. Boerma believes it unlikely that the growth of localized demands for milk can be fully met for considerable time to come.

Of all the sorrows that beset mankind, hunger among small children is surely the most tragic. As heavy surplus stocks of milk products pile up in the industrialized nations of the world, particularly in Europe, at the same time two preschool children out of three in the world today suffer from malnutrition severe enough to damage their growth and permanently stunt their physical future, the tragedy of inadequate food comes again to haunt us. The noted American nutritionist Adelle Davis has made perfectly plain in book after book how bad nutrition permanently affects human beings, especially children. Damage to muscles and brain cells shows up in jerky gait, lack of coordination, difficulty in learning, and loss of a sense of balance, position, and elevation. These symptoms can be alleviated by massive doses of that great magician among the vitamins, B12 (together with other nutritional aids), but there's a hitch: Where can most of the world's hungry children get hold of vitamin B12? Hundreds of millions of them don't have enough rice, corn, or wheat to keep them alive, let alone esoteric and relatively rare doses of wheat germ, calf's liver, and other heavily endowed B12 sources. Perhaps Johnny's clumsiness, jerkiness, muscle tension, and inability to concentrate in school are not Johnny's fault at all, but simply the results of a disregard for good nutritional principles—disregard or, it seems now in light of the FAO's figures, tragic and basic lacks in world supplies of elemental food for the very young.

Hunger works in subtle ways to destroy human beings. Besides the outward slow disintegration of the body or, more subtly, its failure to grow and develop normally, the effects of hunger include vagueness, loss of memory, irritability, poor concentration, hallucinations, digestive problems—often in the form of dysentery—and general lack of interest. Unlike fat, which can be stored in the body, protein vital to the repair of tissue cannot be; this deficiency creates insuperable physical barriers to mental achievement. How many teachers over the years have looked at their classes and known at once which gray dull faces would be listlessly incapable of absorbing that day's teaching? How many children come to school without an adequate breakfast or, more likely, with none at all? Yet, the federal legislature recently had the temerity to cut the already pitifully small funds given over to free school lunches, while in the same session it voted tens of billions of dollars for the precise purpose of maiming and killing human beings.

At the recent FAO world meeting, Mr. Boerma said of the huge surplus stocks of butter and skim milk powder bulging from European warehouses: "It is in everyone's interest that they be reduced to normal levels. The key question is: Can they be used as a resource to aid dairy production in the developing countries, or will they merely meet the short-term needs without tackling the long-term problem?" The FAO itself has a "dairy scheme" for speeding up the growth of dairy production in the developing countries until local industry is capable of matching local dairy needs. But this sort of bootstrap operation is understandably slow; hence the continuing rise in the number of preschool children suffering from acute malnutrition.

Since milk is a natural food for children and also a great source of protein, the FAO's dairy scheme has won early popularity among those countries that helped launch the World Food Programme through the United Nations. The structure for such a dairy scheme already exists in these world food organizations. Participation is open to any member government and to interested industrial companies. All contributions—including milk products, equipment, animal feed, money, technical assistance—would be on a voluntary basis. Any contributed products could be sold in the receiving countries and the proceeds used to finance creation or expansion of national dairy industries at local levels that would eventually relieve dependence on foreign sources. In any case, it is heartening as always that there is a world group such as FAO aware of the greatest single tragedy of our time—hunger—and capable of marshaling dietary artillery to reduce the awful statistic just made public: that two-thirds of the world's preschool children today suffer from malnutrition to the extent of retarding their growth and permanently damaging their health.

—R. L. T.

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Letters to the Editor

Interpreting History

CLIFFORD SOLWAY is a kind and thoughtful man, and I appreciate his serious and generous discussion of my work as a historian in his article "Turning History Upside Down" [*SR*, June 20]. I would enjoy exploring some of his comments in a friendly personal dialogue, but my only purpose here is to clarify a point on which he had no direct information.

I chose to leave the University of Wisconsin after eleven years for reasons that had very little—if anything—to do with student unrest on that campus.

I was unusually fortunate, between 1957 and 1963, in being able to work with an exceptional group of colleagues and graduate students in stating and exploring various ideas about American history. I had come to feel, however, about the time of the first teach-ins against the Vietnam War, that it would be wise to break out of that particular pattern of teaching before it became an intellectual and personal routine.

My thought to shift wholly to undergraduate teaching in a department that did not offer graduate training was prompted by a deep concern with the nature of undergraduate education, and by the feeling that it would be extremely difficult to act effectively on that concern in a university so intensely oriented to graduate work.

The development of the antiwar movement did confront me with another choice: whether to concentrate my efforts in that direction or to keep my primary emphasis on teaching in the classroom. Rightly or wrongly, but only after considerable thought, I decided to do the latter.

A friendly invitation from my colleagues at Oregon State University made it possible for me to shift to undergraduate teaching, and the students have made it an exciting and rewarding experience.

I also plead guilty to loving the sea, and to great enjoyment in living on the wild and beautiful coast of Oregon.

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS,
Oregon State University,
Corvallis, Ore.

CLIFFORD SOLWAY seems to suggest that the Populists demanded "drastic reform: socialism." It is true that Populists were called "Hayseed Socialists" by their opponents, but in the Populist Party Platform of 1892 only railroads, telegraph, and telephone companies were to be nationalized: "Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people. The telegraph and telephone, like the post office system, being a necessity for the transmission of news, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people."

The Pops did not want to overthrow capitalism; they wanted to eliminate the abuses of industrial-commercial capitalism that were destroying agrarian capitalism. The last thing they wanted was government ownership of land.

GEORGE JOHNSON,
Wausau, Wis.

AS A GRADUATE STUDENT in history at the University of Maine, I feel that Clifford Solway's review of the radical challenge to the historical bureaucracy has missed a more important trauma facing historians (new and old), namely, the general lack of interest in history. It will be nice to read about the other side of American history, but will not the radical movement suffer the same fate of the consensus historians unless the discipline conducts a complete examination of the patient? Can we not, in fact, anticipate much of the same esoteric prattling that serves only to turn off the student or the more remote general reader?

I suggest that the profession undergo a *critical* analysis of its role in education; if it has a role, in the humanities (à la the introspection of the humanities in *Daedalus*), and in our society.

WILLIAM J. WEBER, JR.,
Veazie, Me.

THE RECENT ARTICLE by Clifford Solway brought to my mind Julian Bond's piquant characterization of our current economic structure: "socialism for the rich and capitalism for the poor." Ralph Nader is another who brings to light the hardships that "protected capitalism" works on the unprotected.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, several rulers decided it was to their interest to be "benevolent despots." If the corporations of the world would similarly decide it is to their interest to be "benevolent despots," the range of their benevolence would logically include the world's population. And since happy, contented people need very little government, the functions of government could be cut to an all-time low, and the difference between the "haves" and the "have-nots" would become difficult to detect.

MRS. MILDRED CLAPP,
Kansas City, Mo.

Holiday Proposal

THANKS FOR Lester B. Pearson's "The U.N. at 25" [*SR*, June 27]. How about a U.N. Day World Holiday every October 24 as an attitude-changer as well as a commemoration of an important event? Such a holiday could play a significant role in creating a world point of view in sufficient numbers of people on this planet so that they will see to it that the United Nations can deal effectively with the great world problems. We must face earth-scale problems with earth-scale cooperation and must start at some point on which we can agree. A U.N. Day World Holiday is such a point.

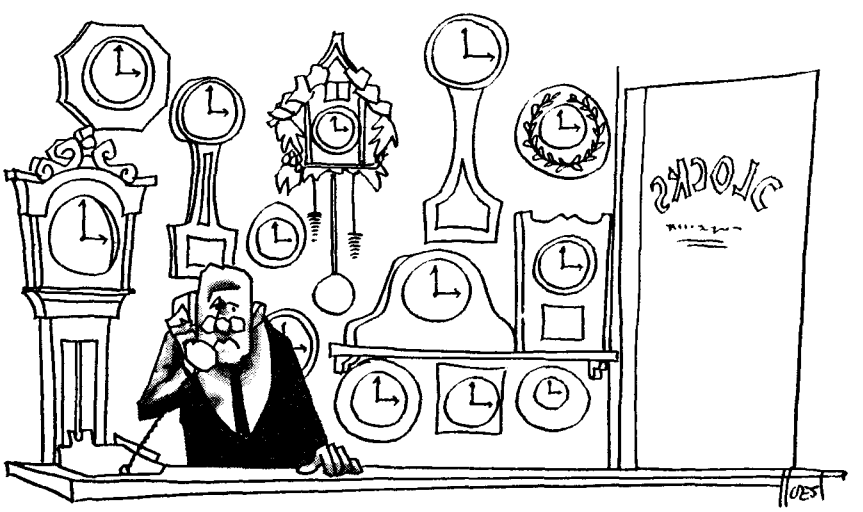
DOROTHY L. SCHNEIDER,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Flight of Fancy

IN READING David Butwin's account of his rambles through Virginia in "South to Spring" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, May 30], I was pained to note that he had given nationwide currency to Malcolm Jamieson's fallacious claim that Count Zeppelin made his first balloon flight at Berkeley Plantation. This tale, reported in the Newport News *Daily Press* in May 1965, was indirectly responsible for a good deal of cooperative research on the subject by a number of historians. The full story of their detective efforts and the result is told in the Summer 1967 issue of *Minnesota History*, the quarterly magazine of this society. A more succinct and readable account of Zeppelin's travels in the United States has appeared in the *Smithsonian Journal of History* for Spring 1968.

Being a Minnesotan, perhaps Mr. Butwin will feel moved to do what he can to set the record straight. Personally, I couldn't care less whether Zeppelin hopped his first balloon in Minnesota or Timbuktu, but as a historian I resent Mr. Jamieson's tourist-trap philosophy.

MRS. RHODA R. GILMAN,
Assistant Managing Editor,
Minnesota Historical Society,
St. Paul, Minn.



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The Theater

Henry Hewes

"The Merchant" Ltd.

LONDON.

WITH DANIEL-LIKE JUDGMENT, the Queen has just decreed that henceforth Sir Laurence Olivier be known as Lord Olivier. The honor is clearly deserved, for Olivier not only has proved himself one of the greatest actors in theatrical history, but has worked tirelessly to lead the National Theatre to its present high estate. Indeed, the National Theatre's gain has inevitably cost the theatergoing public a few major Olivier performances that he might have had the time to create had he not assumed the responsibility of administration.

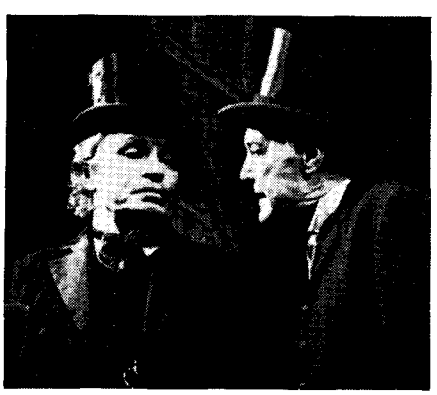
Therefore, to see Olivier as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, his first attempt at a major role since his tremendous performance in *The Dance of Death* two years ago, is a keenly anticipated opportunity. And although it is a less overpowering display of the actor's emotional capacities than a number of his past triumphs, it is a highly original conception, in which the actor places all of his famed skill and concentration at the service of the production.

Director Jonathan Miller has set the play in what appears to be polished Victorian England. It is a poisonously unfair society run by gentlemen who manipulate inherited wealth so that the money and gracious living it permits can be kept on the special preserve of the well-born. In such a society, Shylock is a nonmember attempting during business hours to dress and speak like the frock-coated, top-hatted gentlemen merchants with whom he does business. But underneath the top hat, he wears a yarmulke, which symbolizes his other allegiance. At night he returns to his daughter, Jessica, and is content to live as a Jewish banker, whose shrewdly earned wealth gives him status among the elders of his own religion. On the other hand, her father's obsession with money rather repels Jessica, who overcompensates by deciding to elope with Lorenzo, here portrayed as a snobbish middle-aged gentile.

The first confrontation between Shylock and Antonio is strictly a demonstration of how the clever usurer merrily outdoes the staid and joyless merchant, to whom business has become a meaningless, though necessary, ritual. Olivier is gleefully crafty as he puns about pi-*rats*, and begins the famous "Many a time and oft in the Rialto" speech with his face hidden behind a newspaper. After cataloguing the past snubs of the man who now seeks his financial assistance, he scolds Antonio as he might a naughty but already forgiven child with "What *should* I say to you?" When he frivolously suggests the penalty of a pound of flesh "to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleases me," he has a momentarily improper thought, and the audience joins him in quick laughter. In fact, there is a touch of music-hall humor as Olivier feigns disinterest in closing the deal but then snaps it up eagerly when Antonio accepts.

However, after Jessica elopes with his jewelry, Olivier's Shylock becomes insanely vengeful. "Has not a Jew eyes?" is not a plea for ecumenical compassion, but an angry assertion of his body's uncontrollable compulsion to total revenge for all other past humiliations he has prudently suffered from hostile and cold-hearted "Christians." Similarly, his joy at hearing of Antonio's losses is expressed in a brief, spastic attempt at dancing.

In the trial scene, we see that Shylock is clearly mad in his undauntable expectation that he will get justice and thereby, with propriety, achieve his irrational and cruel revenge. The audience laughs when Portia punctures Shylock's overconfidence. But soon thereafter we inevitably sympathize with the woeful plaintiff turned defendant. When Shylock is asked if he is content with his severe sentence, he snaps to catatonic attention like an obedient soldier and loudly replies with military punctiliosity, "I am content." A moment later, after he has been led off stage, we hear an anguished crescendo of a wail, as if Shylock's wretched soul had died within him.



—Anthony Crickmay

Laurence Olivier as Shylock and Anthony Nicholls as Antonio—"highly original."

It is a splendid performance, and its significance is reinforced when, at the end of the play, Jessica is clearly ashamed of having betrayed her father and of having thereby impelled him into the irrational acts that led to his living death. As she stands holding the will that Shylock has been forced to make leaving his estate to Lorenzo, we hear a Jewish chant. It is the prayer for the dead.

However, *The Merchant of Venice* is a comedy, and Olivier has deliberately kept his tragic moments as brief as possible. Thus, the majority of the production moves quickly and humorously along. A great deal of the fun comes from the absurdity of Victorian life. Director Miller makes fun of it at the same time as he seems to be making a point about the lack of deep emotion and the insensitivity toward others that went with much of white Anglo-Saxon Protestant living in those days.

He also invents outrageously here and there. In the casket-choosing scene, one of the suitors is portrayed as a senile octogenarian. And Miller gets a marvelous comic effect by having the old man absent-mindedly put lump after lump after lump of sugar into his demitasse. But then, just as he is about to drop yet another lump into the cup, he suddenly looks at his hostess and puts it back in the sugar bowl instead.

Joan Plowright gives us a strong-willed Portia who sees through all the decorums and elaborate speeches. Indeed, one feels she would not be above tampering with the caskets in order to assure her marriage to the suitor of her choosing. Yet, she has never been more sophisticatedly comic, getting her humor more with rapid twinkles of insight than with elaboration or circumlocution. Jane Lapotaire as Jessica and Anthony Nicholls as Antonio are the most memorable of the rest of the cast, perhaps because in this production they are represented as the two most deeply saddened characters in the play, and because they are also the two who stand together at the final curtain with the recognition that wealth may buy marriage partners and friends but not the kind of love they wish to have reciprocated.

Julia Trevelyan Oman's scenery and costumes nicely suggest the compromise between the Victorian and Venetian, and the whole production moves more swiftly and smoothly than any other I have seen of this play. It is a fine example of the efficiency the National Theatre has attained and of how a dedicated man of the theater can put his extraordinary talent at the service of his company to give a performance of beautifully controlled explosiveness and variety.

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Rips in the Fabric of the Law

by SIDNEY HYMAN

In contrast to the usual course of a nation's development, American nationhood did not evolve out of the experiences of a particular ethnic group rooted in a particular stretch of soil. It was a self-consciously created historical experiment, based on an ethic of citizenship. The object was to prove that a polity could meet its needs through reflection and choice, and that its majority and minority could peacefully coexist by respecting each other's claims. Perhaps for this very reason, the sharpest critics of the nation's performance have always been Americans themselves.

Whether the leading critics were Jeffersonians, Jacksonians, Abolitionists, Populists, Progressives, or New Dealers, all decried a miscarriage in the national experiment. They said that there was a gross contradiction between America's precepts and the realities of its daily conduct. They said that American citizenship was being corrupted by an exploiting class of Americans who took the shadow of liberty for the substance, the name for the object, the promise for the possession. They said that the American dream would become the American nightmare unless the cast of national life was reformed in specified ways.

Meanwhile, breakdowns did in fact occur either in the ethic of citizenship or in the articles of peace between majorities and minorities. The manner of the matter is well told by Richard E. Rubenstein in his *Rebels in Eden*, a powerfully ironic book. When successive groups of submerged Americans, for example, became impatient with patience while waiting for their grievances to be redressed by the governing majority, they turned to the "legislative force" of mass violence. Afterwards, however, if success purified their means, they not only forgot the blood-stained chapters of their history; they bitterly assailed later groups of insurgent Americans who tried by mass violence to secure rights for themselves which they felt were unattainable by peaceful or "automatic" progress.

Still, for all this, the criticisms, reforms and mass violence in times past were focused mainly on the dynamics of the American economic and social order, or on the workings of a particular institution of government. They were rarely focused on all institutions simultaneously. Governmental institutions, taken as a single whole, were the objects of faith in the nation's "civil religion." They were so widely believed to be the best ever devised by man that when Americans thought about what heaven was like, they assumed it operated under an American constitution. Even the 1861 Southern Secessionists incorporated within their own frame of government most of the constitutional features of the Union against which they rebelled.

We are now in the fifth year of another period when the dynamics of America's economic and social order is being scourged by innumerable critics. Yet there is an important difference between the present and the past. It does not lie so much in the concurrence between mass violence and inflamed rhetoric, or in the fact that America's role in the world arena and the features of its internal life are being excoriated simultaneously. The important difference is that the inherited institutional structure of the government as a whole is under an unprecedented attack by a wide assortment of alienated people who affect a revolutionary stance.

The forces of the attack include militant blacks in the ghettos, student rebels in the universities, the young who favor the life-style of the Yippies, draft resisters, some enlisted men and junior officers in the armed forces, and

SIDNEY HYMAN is the author of *Politics of Consensus*.

SR: BOOKS

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older people who feel morally outraged by America's involvement in the Vietnamese conflict. The common cry they raise is entrusted to the word "No." No to the legitimacy of the American government. No to the system of political representation through its existing institutions. No to the version of justice that emerges from the courts. No to the lawfulness of the laws, and to the authority of the law-enforcing agents.

According to the rhetoric of the alienated groups, the existing structure of the American government is by its very nature geared to break the connection between talk and the possibility of being heard, between real pain experienced and a saving remedy, between powers exercised in the name of authority and the consent of the people to that exercise. It is the servant of an Establishment that depends on violence for its own survival. The governmental structure, therefore, makes it impossible for "the people" to win their fight against war, racism, poverty, exploitation, and ignorance. If the fight is to be won, there must first be a "revolution" that will displace the existing order of things with something new.

None of the alienated groups, whether standing alone or in combination, form a political majority in the nation. Compared to the total population they are a minority. Yet their "revolutionary" stance—their advocacy of "revolution" and their predictions about the "inevitability" of revolution —has spread a contagion of fear across the land. In particular, they have frightened those bystanders who assume that the noise of rebellion is the same as a planned revolution, that all who talk of revolution have the same revolution in mind, and that the revolution being talked about is near at hand. Hence, say these frightened onlookers, the imperiled majority must put aside the luxury of any concern for civil liberties. It must physically crush the revolutionaries in a race against the absolute of time itself.

A better grasp of what is abroad in the land can be gained by reading various books written by or about the most publicized contemporary American revolutionaries.

If the books are judged by the standards of classical texts on the dissolution of civil government, on civil disobedience, or on revolution, none have the depth or resource of the works of John Locke, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Henry Thoreau, Karl Marx, or Mahatma Gandhi. None as yet advance anything original by way of political theory. With several exceptions, the books are more like handbills printed in haste to announce a meeting scheduled for later that evening.

Yet they should be read by any worried American, and for a number of reasons. First, they may help clarify the different responses required of him personally by virtue of the wide differences in personalities and motives of the various self-proclaimed revolutionaries, in their tactics, and in the revolutions they have in mind. Second, the books may help define the novel problem with which the American legal system must grapple—the problem of how to deal with revolutionaries who affect the language and some of the tactics of revolution without really meaning to overthrow the whole of an existing order. And, third, the books may help remind the worried American of a fact he tends to overlook: that most of the leading self-proclaimed revolutionaries are either in prison, have a prison sentence hanging over their heads, or are in exile.

For starters, take Bobby Seale's *Seize the Time* and Lee Lockwood's *Conversation with Eldridge Cleaver*. Seale, national chairman of the Black Panthers, is in prison; Cleaver, minister of information of the Black Panthers, escaped a return to prison by exiling himself first to Cuba and then to Algiers. Both men have become arch-symbols of the kind of black militancy that enrages whites—who, in turn, make their own fury into a kind of "higher law" that legitimizes the police violence used against the Panthers. Yet, if these books are a true mirror, Seale and Cleaver are not Siamese twins tied to a single outlook and a single program.

In *Seize the Time* Seale gives a fascinating anecdotal account of the genesis of the Black Panther Party. He celebrates what he learned from Huey Newton about his constitutional right to carry a gun, and reserves his bitterest passages for a denunciation of black as well as white policemen. He is contemptuous of the separatism of the "black cultural nationalists" and of black racism generally. His revolutionary theories are an eclectic amalgam of fragments from Marx, Lenin, Mao, Guevara, and Fanon. And his call for revolution is made in the name of all the poor people in the nation, regardless of their color.

But the main interest to be found in *Seize the Time* is the picture it gives of Seale as a person. It is the picture of a ghetto Othello—fiery, open, magnanimous, artless, credulous, sensual; boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affections, inflexible in his resolution, deeply suspicious, and frustrated at every turn.

The Eldridge Cleaver who speaks in the pages of Lee Lockwood's book is a revolutionary with no sphere for action in the country that gave him political asylum. He is torn between love and hate for his lost America, wound tight with hair-trigger tensions, demon-haunted, full of the bitter rage of an Ahab shaking his fist at the white whale. He is far more of an "intellectual" than Seale and, perhaps for this reason, is more explicit about the kind of revolution he advocates: an armed rebellion with which the poor of America will establish their own dictatorship, without regard to the "democratic rights" of the non-poor. With all his apocalyptic visions, Cleaver seems reconciled to the possibility that he himself might meet a violent end—this as the price for "fulfilling history," whose lips he ventures to read through the magnifying glass of Marxist texts on revolution.

Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* is meant to be

Rebels in Eden: Mass Political Violence in the United States, by Richard E. Rubenstein (Little, Brown, 201 pp., $5.95); **Seize the Time,** by Bobby Seale (Random House, 429 pp., $6.95); **Conversation with Eldridge Cleaver (Algiers),** by Lee Lockwood (McGraw-Hill, 131 pp., $4.95); **Do It!,** by Jerry Rubin (Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $5.95; paperback, $2.45); **Living the Revolution: The Yippies in Chicago,** by David Lewis Stein (Bobbs-Merrill, 146 pp., $5); **Goliath,** by David Harris (Richard W. Baron, 135 pp., $4.95); **Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary,** by Philip Berrigan (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 198 pp., $5.95); **Rebellion and Repression,** by Tom Hayden (World, 186 pp., $5.95; paperback, $2.65); **Trials of the Resistance,** introduction by Murray Kempton (Random House, 246 pp., $5.95); **In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison,** by Willard Gaylin (Viking, 344 pp., $6.95); **Points of Rebellion,** by William O. Douglas (Random House, 98 pp., $4.95; paperback, $1.95); **The Tales of Hoffman,** edited by Mark L. Levine, George C. McNamee, and Daniel Greenberg (Bantam, 289 pp., paperback, $1.50); **Contempt: Transcript of the Contempt Citations, Sentences, and Responses of the Chicago Conspiracy Ten,** foreword by Ramsey Clark, introduction by Harry Kalven, Jr. (Swallow, 254 pp., $7.50; paperback, $1.95)

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the testament of a cultural revolution. It resembles more closely the self-absorbed egoism of an actor practicing poses before a mirror, himself his sole conversational partner. There is nothing frightening about Rubin or his small group of fellow Yippies. Something else, however, *is* frightening: the frequency with which they were taken seriously by grown-up clowns in high places—though the aim of the Yippies was merely to be make-believe players in a theater featuring put-on costumes, programs, music, speeches, gestures, fornication, all bathed in the smoke of pot.

This, in fact, was virtually the only role the Yippies consciously intended to play during the Chicago convention. The evidence of this has the ring of truth as presented in David Lewis Stein's *Living the Revolution*. If there is a strange poignancy in his account of the Yippies on the site of the Chicago convention, it arises from the fact that the Yippies were not involved in the actions that led to a clash with the police. Yet, after the clash occurred, they seemed driven by their habit of make-believe to picture themselves as the stars of an event which, they claimed, was to their credit.

David Harris's *Goliath* stands in sharp contrast to Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* The author was once president of the Stanford University student body, and is now the husband of Joan Baez. There is nothing bogus about him. He is, in the exact sense of that old-fashioned word, a gentleman, armed from within by moral conviction. Written in the federal prison at Safford, Arizona, where Harris is serving a sentence for refusing to obey an order to report for induction into the army, *Goliath* is a painful attempt to construct an analytical foundation in support of the case for nonviolent revolution. If Harris's line of reasoning is sometimes hard to follow, his heart is clearly evangelical. A prison sentence can't "rehabilitate" this young man; he "rehabilitated" himself some years ago. Prison can only punish him, and thus presumably deter other young men from committing his "crime."

The same can be said of Father Philip Berrigan, author of *Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary*. Though he was personally exempt from the draft, Father Berrigan was among a group of Catholics who napalmed the draft files at Catonsville, Maryland. In his journal he explains why, for him, civil disobedience was a Christian duty—and why the jail sentence he deliberately invited was his chosen form of "witness" to his love of love instead of war. In this same spirit, when he advocates revolution he is not talking about a seizure of power by physical force but about radical reform, beginning with the American heart.

The most thorough condemnation of existing American institutions, authorities, and laws is to be found in Tom Hayden's *Rebellion and Repression*, a compilation of the author's testimony before the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence and the House Un-American Activities Committee. As a former leader of the Students for a Democratic Society, and as a director of the National Mobilization Committee's efforts to stop the Vietnamese war, Hayden has vigorously denied being an advocate—"thus far"—of violent revolution. The burden of his argument is that the repressions of the system under which Americans live provoke the oppressed to resort to violence as a means of self-defense.

"Violence in this country," he says, "stems from a system which is sick, which is racist, which apparently has a boundless ambition to police the world . . . a system which relies more and more on the use of force, on the use of police to maintain itself rather than relying on consent or persuasion or traditional techniques of democracy." His own response to this is not frightening. He would have the oppressed stand "on the right to self-defense and revolution as protected by the Bill of Rights and Declaration of Independence." He argues:

> We cannot avoid confrontation, but we can choose the issues and the battleground. The power structure will become more and more violent. . . . Whether repression works depends basically on our spirit. If we are cautious or paranoid, if we focus only on our own defense and forget the issues that made us originally rebel, our feelings will spread and weaken the morale of the people. If we keep a fighting spirit, and define the issues over and over, the people will support us as their warriors.

Other American revolutionaries speak in the pages of two more books. One is *Trials of the Resistance*, a compilation of essays that originally appeared in the *New York Review of Books*. The second is the most important of all the books thus far mentioned: *In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison*, by Dr. Willard Gaylin, an associate professor of psychiatry at Columbia University's medical school and adjunct professor at Union Theological Seminary.

The men these books describe and analyze either abhorred the Vietnamese conflict and refused to take part in it, or they protested the treatment they received at the hands of military justice. They were tried and imprisoned, or, if already in prison, were given further punishment.

There would be no problem for the American legal system if the whole order of American government and society were in fact so shot through with injustice and decay as to make it ripe for revolution. Nor would there be any problem if the self-proclaimed revolutionaries actually tried by physical force to overthrow the whole of the existing order. In the latter event, either success would legitimize itself, or failure would bring down on the revolutionaries the punishments prescribed by law. George Washington understood this when he spoke of waging the Revolutionary War with "a halter around [his] neck."

Most of the current crop of Ameri-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WITH ALL THEIR IMPERFECTIONS

Each of the characters listed below is afflicted with some disability or defect, physical or mental. Bertha Berman of Peoria, Ill., asks you to let each character suffer his own misery, and to assign each author to his own creation. There's therapy on page 55.

1. Captain Ahab ( )	A. an oversized facial feature	a. Barrie
2. Cyrano de Bergerac ( )	B. metal "hand"	b. Dostoevsky
3. Philip Carey ( )	C. midget size	c. Faulkner
4. Hans Castorp ( )	D. epilepsy	d. Golding
5. Benjy Compson ( )	E. ivory peg leg	e. Heyward
6. Dick Heldar ( )	F. asthma	f. Hugo
7. Captain Hook ( )	G. crippled legs	g. Kipling
8. Miss M. ( )	H. hunchback	h. Mann
9. Piggy ( )	I. tuberculosis	i. De la Mare
10. Prince Myshkin ( )	J. idiocy	j. Maugham
11. Porgy ( )	K. blindness	k. Melville
12. Quasimodo ( )	L. club foot	l. Rostand

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can revolutionaries—despite their rhetoric or, in some cases, despite their episodic acts of violence—are not bent on the total overthrow of the existing order. And there, paradoxically, is the rub. The American legal system is severely taxed by the need to strike a balance between the rival claims for "order" and for "justice." It is strained by the need to learn—and to teach the community at large—how much injustice is tolerable for the sake of order, and how much disorder is tolerable for the sake of justice.

Appeals to the authority of individual conscience as a justification for breaking existing laws settles nothing. The man of conscience may in fact be a saint, but it is just as possible that he will bring to his law-breaking actions the wrong kind of symbolic behavior, the wrong strategy, the wrong sense of his own moral autonomy. Instead of moving and persuading the governing community, he can turn it into an implacable enemy. Instead of winning over the governing community, he can provide it with some such argument as this: "You, sir, as a civil disobedient, appeal to the authority of your own conscience as a justification for violating the law. How, then, according to your own principles, can you refuse us the right to appeal to the authority of our collective conscience, which tells us that you must be violently repressed?"

The heart of the current challenge to the American legal system, then, involves an ambiguous algebraic equation. On one side, the law must be upheld as the organ of society. There could be no law and hence no organized society if its members breached the law at will according to their subjective sense of justice or ethics. The law, if it is to be anything more than a name for a capricious tyranny, must strive for consistency, so that men in society can plan their conduct. This means that individualism, even an ennobled individualism, must bow before the law rather than aim at its disruption. It also means that no society can endure which does not attempt to curb the civil disobedience that threatens the fabric of law.

On the other side of the equation stands the fact that a moral advance in society often depends on individuals who are ready to accept martyrdom for acts of civil disobedience, and whose punishment arouses a community consciousness to change unjust laws. It depends on individuals who are willing to lay their own lives on the line so that the lives of others may be better served by better laws.

The *X* represents the question that must be answered: when must the law

(*Continued on page* 31)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Gratuitous Insult

IN HIS REVIEW of *Sweet Medicine*, by the Reverend Peter J. Powell, and *The Iroquois Ceremonial of Midwinter*, by Elisabeth Tooker [*SR*, June 20], Vine Deloria, Jr., offers a gratuitous insult to the writer and to the Iroquois and ridicules a great tradition in American ethnology. In speaking of Professor Tooker's work, which I read in manuscript, he comments on her method of "combining her field notes with the writings of earlier tourists," who perforce include Lewis Henry Morgan, the founder of ethnological science in the last century. Deloria admits that her work is "technically accurate," and from the corner of his mouth adds: "after the fashion of William Fenton and others who pretended for years to be friends of the Iroquois in order to spy on them."

I strongly object to these remarks about my integrity, and I feel that your readers are entitled to the record of my long association with the Iroquois. I commenced field work among the Seneca as a graduate student at Yale in 1933, I was adopted into the Hawk Clan at the following Midwinter Festival, and there has not been a year since that I have not spent some time with an Iroquois group. For two and one-half years I served as community worker at Tonawanda, during the administration of John Collier as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. My job was to learn their concerns, mediate for them with officialdom, place their young people in colleges, and help them get jobs. The record of the thirteen years (1939-51) that I devoted to extending Hewitt's researches on the League of the Iroquois at Brantford, Canada, is printed in the Annual Reports of the Smithsonian Institution. During these years I had the cooperation of the old chiefs, who sensed the importance of this work.

Deloria scarcely knows me or my work, and he implies that the Iroquois don't know who their friends are or that they have shown poor judgment in adopting them.

WILLIAM N. FENTON,
Slingerlands, N.Y.

Strategy in WW II

RONALD STEEL'S REVIEW of the *Eisenhower Papers* [*SR*, June 20] contains a number of errors and misconceptions. To begin with, his astonishing statement that Eisenhower "led the great wartime coalition . . . that defeated Hitler's armies" completely ignores the tremendous Soviet effort, without which the war could not have been won!

In less obvious instances, Mr. Steel's review is misleading. For example, he suggests that, in some way, Eisenhower substituted a "unified command structure" for the Combined Chiefs of Staff organization to conduct the war. In point of fact, the CCS (composed of Churchill, Roosevelt, and their top service advisers) continued to issue directives to *all* theater commanders, including Eisenhower, to the end of the war.

Again, in dealing with the famous controversy between Eisenhower and Montgomery over the "broad front" versus "single thrust" strategy, Mr. Steel continually refers to Montgomery's proposal as a plan for British-controlled operations. In fact, Montgomery urged Eisenhower to make the "single thrust" with Bradley's American forces if the Supreme Commander was not prepared to back the British effort. This has a significant bearing on the argument that Eisenhower could not adopt Montgomery's plan for fear of antagonizing U.S. public opinion.

Finally, the reviewer's treatment of the great "Second Front" controversy is open to serious criticism. He presents a picture of Churchill fighting with "grim determination and wily diplomacy" to avoid the cross-Channel invasion and divert Allied efforts into a peripheral Mediterranean strategy. This is true as far as it goes—but it misses the main point, which was that Churchillian strategy was intended to weaken the Axis by enforced dispersion of forces as a *preliminary* to the attack in the west. Moreover, the Western Allies were logistically incapable of mounting a large-scale amphibious assault across the Channel before June 1944—and, even then, D Day was postponed one month in order to obtain the necessary landing craft. In *Crusade in Europe* Eisenhower afterwards admitted the impossibility of carrying out his earlier plan for a cross-Channel invasion in 1942 or 1943. In any case, the final decision to invade North Africa ("TORCH") at the end of 1942 was taken by Roosevelt over the objections of his senior advisers. Thereafter, a growing realization of the magnitude of the problems of the Normandy ("OVERLORD") invasion, together with politico-strategic opportunities in the Mediterranean (such as the elimination of Italy), meant that the major attack across the Channel was inevitably postponed to June 1944.

Mr. Steel does not mention in his review that the American proposal for a "super" Supreme Commander in Europe, controlling operations in the Mediterranean as well as northwest Europe, was shot down by the British, who, to the end of the war, retained the top military command in the Mediterranean.

T. MURRAY HUNTER,
Ottawa, Canada

Wrong Man Called White

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS [*SR*, June 20] lists William White as the author of *A Man Called White;* it should be Walter White.

MRS. SAMUEL MCCLARIN,
Flint, Mich.

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THE SILENT MILLIONS: A History of the Jews in the Soviet Union

by Joel Cang

Taplinger, 246 pp., $6.50

THREE MILLION MORE?

by Gunther Lawrence

Doubleday, 214 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Ronald I. Rubin

■ The slow spiritual strangulation of Soviet Jewry has generated increasingly outspoken protests in the West. Understandably, American Jews do not treat lightly the plight of their Soviet brethren. Today one out of every four Jews in the world is a Soviet citizen, and a considerable percentage of American Jews are no more than two or three generations removed from Minsk, Odessa, and other sections of the tsarist Pale of Settlement.

Moreover, there are non-Jews (many of them, like the late Bertrand Russell, friendly to Soviet interests) who want to avoid a replay of the silence that greeted Nazi plans earmarking Jews for oblivion.

But the predicament of Soviet Jewry deserves more attention than it has been receiving from the publishing industry. To be sure, authoritative accounts are difficult to come by, due to the obstacles set up by the Kremlin. Press gleanings, visitors' observations, and, more recently, smuggled-out reports are the staples for writers on the subject. The ongoing tragedy of Soviet Jewry—about which many people feel, wrongly, little can be done—is less exciting than the violent confrontations at home. Thus, these two new books help to meet a need.

Joel Cang, author of *The Silent Millions*, is a former correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and the London *Times* in Poland. His book shows wide reading in Soviet source material and a personal familiarity with East European culture extending back to World War II. It is a relatively dispassionate but persuasive unfolding of the situation of Soviet Jewry.

Gunther Lawrence, who visited the Soviet Union in 1966 with a delegation of Reform rabbis from the United States, combines his historical narrative with personal reminiscences and the comments of Jewish leaders. He shows less acquaintance with Russian primary sources than does Cang; however, as a professional public relations consultant whose clients include the American Jewish Conference on Soviet Jewry, Lawrence discloses previously unpublished information about the interaction between the American government and protest movements on behalf of Soviet Jews.

Both works point out that Soviet anti-Semitism is not a sudden aberration. Its mixed origins are traceable to the attitudes of the Russian Orthodox Church and the tsarist régime. Tsar Nicholas II spent three million rubles for the publication of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a fraudulent document intended to make Jews the scapegoats for the increasing resentment against his own policies. It is a role the current Kremlin rulers consider appropriate. As the most Western-oriented people in what has been called the most Eastern country of Europe, the Jews are again looked upon with suspicion.

The founders of Communism, Marx and Lenin, also derogated Jewish dignity. Marx wrote: "What is the object of the Jew's worship in this world? Usury. What is his worldly god? Money." While Lenin lacked Marx's prejudice, he objected to the notion of a unique Jewish people: "The idea of a Jewish 'nationality' is definitely reactionary." This view is crucial in the denial to Jews of religious and cultural outlets comparable with those accorded other ethnic groups in the Soviet Union.

No Soviet group suffered more severely under Stalin than the Jews. To be sure, Stalin kept a few Jews around him for appearances' sake, as do present Soviet leaders, in order to mitigate foreign criticism. But he ordered the Soviet press not to report crimes against Jews by the advancing Nazi army after Hitler invaded the Soviet Union. Many thousands of Jews might have been saved had they been alerted to the danger and had Soviet authorities arranged for their evacuation to the interior. Meanwhile, Soviet propagandists abroad cited Nazi atrocities against Jews and Jewish heroism in the Red armed forces.

Among the most pathetic characters in the Stalinist era were those Soviet Jews who embraced Communism in order to save the world and were later murdered as "nationalist bourgeois Zionists." By the time of his death Stalin had decimated the Jewish intelligentsia, destroyed Jewish cultural institutions, and ordered the secret police to prepare camps in Siberia for 600,000 Jews.

Under Khrushchev the attack on Jewish identity was intensified. In 1956 there were 450 synagogues in the Soviet Union, in 1963 fewer than 100 (today some sixty remain). Jews were singled out as economic criminals: of 163 such offenders given the death sentence, eighty-eight (60 per cent) were Jews. According to Cang, both the current Soviet rulers, Kosygin and Brezhnev, held strategic posts in the Russian and Moldavian Republics, respectively, dur-

—From "Three Million More?"

Cartoon in Red Star attacking American loan of $1-million to Israel—"Vicious anti-Semitic and anti-Israel articles appear regularly in the Soviet press."

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ing Stalin's last years, and many of the arrests of Jews in their constituencies could have been carried out only with their consent.

In certain basic ways Soviet Jews are worse off today than they were under the tsars. Physically, of course, the Jews are safer, inasmuch as pogroms are episodes of the past. But even in tsarist times they were permitted contact with fellow Jews abroad. They could emigrate if they wished. As late as the 1920s and early Thirties a rich Jewish cultural life flourished. In the Ukraine alone some 90,000 Jewish children attended classes in 765 Yiddish-language schools; Jews also had three teachers' colleges, 116 libraries, forty-seven reading clubs, three theaters, and a children's theater in Yiddish. Today in all of the Soviet Union there is not a single public class in Yiddish, Hebrew, or Jewish religion and history.

Worse is the fear that stalks Jewish lives. Having been removed from their few top decision-making posts, and facing sharply restrictive quotas on university admission, Jews do not know what lies in store for them. Vicious anti-Semitic and anti-Israel articles appear regularly in the Soviet press. According to Cang, "quite a number of Jews" avoid appearing in public on the days such outbursts are published.

In light of this situation, I was surprised to note in Lawrence's account how little the United States government has spoken out. President Kennedy, he reports, was strongly committed to aiding Soviet Jewry, but in recent years the State Department has not raised this issue with Moscow.

What both books fail to stress sufficiently, probably because it came about after they had gone to press, is the growing appeal of Soviet Jews for permission to emigrate to Israel. This is a phenomenon most students of the problem never anticipated. It stems from pride in Israel and disillusionment with Communism.

Ronald I. Rubin, currently a visiting senior lecturer at Haifa College of the Hebrew University, edited the anthology "The Unredeemed: Anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union."

Nyet to Gstaad

GENEVA, June 25—The Soviet Ministry of Culture has been asked to reconsider its refusal to permit David Oistrakh to play at the Gstaad Music Festival organized by Yehudi Menuhin. The reason for the ministry's refusal is its contention that Mr. Menuhin "supports the Zionist aggressors" in the Middle East. —*The Times*, London.

EASTERN EUROPE:
Politics, Revolution, and Diplomacy

by Henry L. Roberts

Knopf, 332 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David Schoenbrun

■ In the highly competitive world of academe it is the rare scholar who achieves pre-eminence in his field by general acclaim, winning the reverence of his students and the affection of his peers. Such a one is Henry L. Roberts. *Primus inter pares* among America's authorities on Eastern Europe, he is currently conducting a seminar on revolution at Dartmouth College after many years as director of both the Russian Institute and the Institute on East Central Europe at Columbia University. As editor of *Slavic Review* Professor Roberts is a generator as well as a producer of scholarly research. He has insight, a ready wit, the ability to write lucidly, and a keen eye for paradox. Perhaps his most endearing quality, which lends credibility to his own views, is his engaging modesty and willingness to consider fully every argument that contradicts his own.

All the attributes that have gained him esteem are evident in this collection of essays on Eastern Europe and American involvements there. Previously published in learned journals, the articles cover a period of some twenty years, and range over a wide field: the historiography of Eastern Europe, the area's role in the current balance of power, the microcosmic nature of the Balkans, the strikingly similar yet antithetical personalities of Woodrow Wilson and Lenin. There are perceptive studies of Khrushchev, Maxim Litvinov, and Józef Beck; brilliant analyses of Soviet-American relations, and, finally, a surprising provocative epilogue, in which this scholar who has devoted his life to foreign affairs concludes that "clarity begins at home" and confesses the need "to understand my own environment and my place in it."

In his essay "Russia and America," originally published in 1961, Roberts, playing upon the contradictory themes of historical continuity and discontinuity, advances convincing arguments for each thesis, then demonstrates that they are not mutually exclusive but rather complementary. In a neat turn of phrase and argument he points out:

> While it may have been the physical and military power of the United States and the Soviet Union that thrust them from opposite wings into direct confrontation at the center of the stage, this power did not appear *ex nihilo*; it had its own historical origins. Similarly, Communism is no divine or demonic afflatus; it is a body of doctrines and practices hammered out over time by Russian minds in a Russian setting. Whatever its German antecedents, it is part of Russian history.

Roberts concludes that it is necessary to understand Russian history and American history beyond "the plane of foreign policy" as "signposts" of the "configurations of the two societies," for it is "the plane of their respective domestic histories" that leads us to their abrupt confrontation in foreign affairs. He believes that Soviet-American relations as we have known them grow out of the "focal years 1917-19" and the confrontation of "the personalities and roles of the two great figures emerging at this time from the turmoil of international conflict and upheaval —Wilson and Lenin."

In his analysis of those two leaders, Roberts develops one of the many intriguing paradoxes that reveal the subtlety and sophistication of his scholarship. Emphasizing that neither man's intellectual development was determined by activity in or responsibility for foreign affairs, Roberts argues that their view of international politics was a "projection of domestic considerations." "The very universality of their prescriptions for a world order betrayed a parochial origin." Wilson projected upon the world scene an American concept of town-hall democracy, whereas Lenin responded to "an internal mechanism—the class struggle —as against external mechanisms such as the balance of power." Veteran diplomats, who knew the problems best, inclined towards balance-of-power politics, whereas those who had least experience in such matters advanced utopian ideas for a world order based on a family of nations. Further complicating and deteriorating their relationship, neither Wilson nor Lenin knew much about the other's country, a condition that has afflicted most of their successors to date.

Roberts asserts that Russian-American relations have always displayed "the peculiar quality of two people talking past one another." He finds, from 1917 to 1970, a permanent state of "mutual bafflement." As a consequence, he concludes that "foreign relations in the future will inevitably involve the whole of societies, that we cannot hold to the *Primat der Aussenpolitik* as an adequate formula."

In his essay on the Balkans Henry Roberts betrays his true love for the complex politics and peoples of that small but critical laboratory of Europe. In the introduction to his book he admits that his attitude towards Soviet and East European studies "has been

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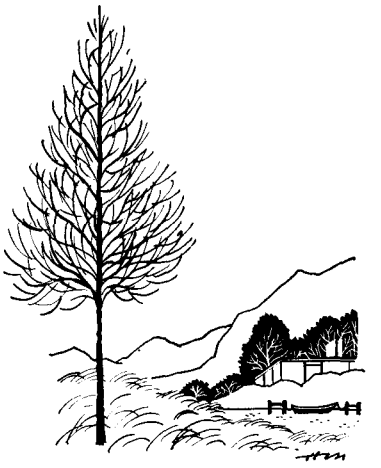
critical and diagnostic, rather than affectionate or appreciative," whereas the Balkans, "for all their perversity, have remained a continuing pleasure to study." These candid confessions of bias and prejudice give charm and credibility to Roberts's work. They make his chapter on the Balkans one of the most illuminating and delightful in the book.

Roberts cites Hugh Seton-Watson, who wrote: "Of all my travels I think the most enlightening were in the Balkans, whose combination of intellectual subtlety and crudity, of tortuous intrigue and honest courage revealed more truths about the political animal man than are to be found in most textbooks of political science." Roberts goes on to state that "this illuminating quality of Balkan politics seems, in the final analysis, to cast light on other areas more than on the Balkans themselves. . . . The whetstone stays dull though it sharpens the knife."

During an analysis of "causality and contingency" in the Soviet Revolution, Roberts remarks that he is "struck by the decisive role of accidents, pure flukes, in these days, and they do jolt one's feeling of historical fitness." In the following chapter, on Lenin and power, he discusses the two judgments of Lenin: the "revolutionary genius" who destroyed the old order and the organizer, "the creator . . . who achieved mastery over the elemental chaos of revolutionary Russia." Characteristically, Roberts acknowledges some validity in both views, although inclining, himself, to regard Lenin as the supreme organizer of chaos, and only one of many destroyers of the old order.

Roberts, in fact, is both fascinated



and repelled by Lenin. In unusually strong language he speaks of the "hideous disjunction" between "those human sentiments Lenin certainly felt and his political ruthlessness . . .; as a central constituent of a power apparatus it is more than drumhead justice or revolutionary *élan*; it is something much colder and more inhuman." He concludes that Leninism is essentially totalitarianism, "an explicit denial of control by the people, or even by a class." Roberts is sternly critical of Leninist developments, even in the less totalitarian form of "national Communism." "National Communism may be a lesser evil; it is not a positive good . . . chiefly because the element of autonomy, of free choice, is absent."

The author argues that "the Russians have been much more successful in exerting pressure in the non-Communist world than we have been in the Communist orbit. . . . Moreover, in the game of 'walking to the brink' the Russians have, in this case, outmatched us, and the exploitation of this advantage could lead to most dangerous blackmail against our allies and ourselves." This is one of the rare instances when Roberts loses the cool detachment of the professional historian and adopts the terms and attitudes of the cold war. The passage was written in 1957, before the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, the Cuban missile crisis, the dispatch of marines to Santo Domingo, and other evidences of American pressures upon the Soviet Union and other countries. But Roberts should not have overlooked the confrontation over Iran, the Greek civil war, the Italian elections, the Berlin blockade, the creation of the West German State, the Marshall Plan, NATO, and all the other consequences of the Truman Doctrine.

It is a national myth that the "Communists" have done all the acting and we have only reacted in world affairs. One would not expect Henry Roberts, with his scholarship, perceptions, and flexibility of mind, to succumb to illusions of such emotional density and historical superficiality. But this is a professional failing of almost all who have specialized in Soviet and Communist studies during the terrible years of the cold war. One might expect Roberts, with his readiness for self-deprecation, to be the first to admit that there are few, if any, absolute truths in international relations.

Despite his severe criticism of Soviet policies and the nature of the Soviet state, however, Roberts is not a dedicated cold warrior or a professional "hard-liner." He does not believe that the Soviet régime is evolving into a "more amiable and cooperative form of government," but neither does he believe in a "forcible showdown," nor that "rational decisions are impossible." He is convinced that "as in all human situations the task is one of coping with, rather than solving, a series of concrete challenges which are never quite the same and never entirely different . . . . the best approach to decisions under these circumstances is that of a continuing dialogue, or debate. . . . The end of the debate is not in sight."

In his concluding remarks on the nature of the Soviet-American confrontation, and in the epilogue, Henry Roberts makes a most important contribution to the current debate on foreign policy. During twenty-five years of hot-and-cold running wars, Americans have seriously neglected their own society and have expended close to one trillion dollars on warding off real and imaginary external threats. Our greatest danger today is internal. Divisions among us, racism, urban rot, pollution, all these could destroy us more surely than any of the problems of the outside world. It is not to be an isolationist to decry systematic interventionism. It is not to be defeatist to recognize, as does Henry Roberts, that there are no "given solutions" to international questions. "It is not a 'game' to be played: the rules are not given and we cannot pull out and go home."

Americans must begin to learn that if world affairs are not a game, then we must stop talking about winning or losing, and accept the Roberts dictum of "coping" with ever-changing situations in an ever-changing world and an ever-changing United States. Like Roberts with his sense of the value of studying the Balkans, we must learn to study foreign affairs in order to understand ourselves, and then better ourselves if we hope to live in a better world.

David Schoenbrun, author and university lecturer, covered European affairs as a CBS News correspondent from 1946-63.

WIT TWISTER #172

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He hoped to ____ remembrance and recall
The wretched ____ wherein he used to dwell.
Its name was lost down recollection's hall,
As one small ____ is drowned within a well.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 48*)

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JAPAN: The Story of a Nation

by Edwin O. Reischauer

Knopf, 366 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ When Edwin O. Reischauer's *Japan: Past and Present* was first published in 1946, George Sansom, the British historian, wrote in a foreword: "I can truthfully say that I do not know of any short book on Japanese history which gives so much useful information in so brief and simple a form." Reischauer has now revised and updated the book, modifying it to such a degree that he has renamed it. And, though numerous volumes have been published on Japan since 1946, many scholars may feel that Sansom's comment is still valid. In lucid if unexciting language, Mr. Reischauer (until recently U.S. Ambassador to Japan) skillfully and authoritatively summarizes Japanese history almost up to the moment of publication, which conveniently coincides with the end of an era.

On June 22, 1970, the first ten-year period of the 1960 U.S.-Japan Mutual Security Treaty was renewed a few hours before its expiration. Either signatory can now give one year's notice of termination, and the Japanese government may be under great internal political pressure to do so—an action that could generate a grave crisis in U.S.-Japanese relations and threaten the whole American stance in Asia. Aggravating this potential friction is a growing clash on the trade front, with each side insisting that the other reduce its tariff restrictions. In any event, after twenty-five years of gradually ebbing American control and influence Japan is at last in a position to assert her complete independence. Reischauer's updated book, therefore, neatly brings the reader to an important watershed in Japanese history.

But though he gives much useful information in a simple, brief form, his work suffers from the shortcomings inherent in historical summary, particularly since the civilization summarized is so utterly alien to our own. The book is too condensed to be of great use to serious students of Japan, and it lacks sufficient cultural orientation to be of maximum value to the uninitiated reader. Reischauer might have eased the layman's plight by grafting his facts more securely to an anthropological base, by more clearly explaining Japanese motivation in terms of native psychology and philosophy.

He writes, for example, that on losing the war, "the Japanese, far from being the fanatical fighters the Americans had come to know on the battlefield, proved at home to be a docile, disciplined, cooperative people. When the emperor and his government surrendered, the army of occupation became the unchallenged locus of authority, and the people obeyed it without question." But the author does not clarify within the Japanese cultural context why this should have been so. He might have pointed to the traditional respect with which most Japanese, conditioned by history, regard constituted authority, from whatever source it may emanate. And he might have explained that the respect for Allied rule was reinforced by the emperor's command that his people obey the victors, as well as by the sense of shock and awe born of the realization that the sovereign would have to take orders from a power greater than himself. He might have shown how, with this realization, the people suddenly found themselves left with obsolete moral values and little ethical perspective, and thus used their old values, the only ones they knew, as a basis for establishing new ones. And Reischauer might have pointed out that the Japanese traditionally approved as moral policies that succeeded and rejected as immoral those that failed; hence they considered it only logical to adopt the standards of the nation which, by winning the war, had proved their worth. Such tortuous thinking is uniquely Japanese, and must be understood if Japanese actions and reactions are to be comprehended.

Nor, it would seem, is the closely knit Japanese social fabric, held together by incredibly tight threads of mutual obligation, adequately stressed, though it is a vital factor in Japan's historical development. Thus, the reader is told the classic tale of the *Forty-seven Ronin*, a group of samurai who, in the early eighteenth century, avenged the forced suicide of their master and then, on orders of the government, themselves committed suicide. But he is not told pointedly enough that the samurai acted according to the cultural norm of the time: that, on the one hand, they felt obligated to their master to avenge his death (a feeling stronger than the Western concept of "loyalty") and, on the other, obligated to the government to kill themselves for having disobeyed an official regulation outlawing violence. The reader, therefore, misses the full significance of the story, which expresses so profoundly the mentality that dominated Japan during the isolation of the Tokugawa period.

It may be that Reischauer, one of America's most respected authorities on Japan, has simply come to take for granted elements of the Japanese character which seem strange and inscrutable to many Westerners. In sophisticated dissertations intended for his peers he would have little need to expound on them. But in a book primarily meant for the general reader, facts insufficiently interpreted in terms of these elements could prove puzzling and even misleading. It was just such lack of comprehension by Americans—many of them well-versed in textbook Japanese history—that helped bring about Pearl Harbor.

Edwin O. Reischauer—"an incredible story to tell."

Nevertheless, Edwin Reischauer's book should be required reading for any student seeking an introduction to Japanese history, especially if taken in conjunction with Ruth Benedict's *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, perhaps the best anthropological study of Japan. Within the severely restricted limits that he sets for himself, Reischauer does a masterful job of rehearsing the principal facts of Japanese history and interweaving them with objective interpretations devoid of the sentimentality and bias that are too often the hallmark of the regional specialist.

And, of course, he has an incredible story to tell: the story of a backward, feudal nation that, starting from scratch, was able in seventy years to build an industrial and military empire capable of challenging the established Great Powers for world supremacy; a nation that, when finally defeated, succeeded within twenty-five years in rehabilitating itself completely, this time as a democratic state. Reischauer's simple, low-keyed style helps to accentuate the drama of this miracle.

Dan Kurzman is the author of "Kishi and Japan" and "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War."

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CROWN OF FLOWERS

by Joel Kurtzman

Dutton, 155 pp., $5.50

RUNNING OUT

by Christopher Brookhouse

Little, Brown, 211 pp., $5.95

A ROMANTIC EDUCATION

by Mary Richie

McCall, 179 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Josephine Hendin

■ Albert Camus's Dr. Rieux fought the plague in a city of the dying because *"On ne peut que lutter contre la mort"*—all we can do is fight against death. These three first novels suggest how far we have come in the twenty-three years since *The Plague* toward making a religion out of what once was anathema. Joel Kurtzman and Christopher Brookhouse have written celebrations of death, novels in praise of yielding to all the forces of extinction, from psychic collapse to suicide.

The fragility of the mind and the ease with which it outrages both reason and instinct, the syncopation of death with life—these are the subjects of Joel Kurtzman's mystical *Crown of Flowers*. At twenty-two, Kurtzman has written a *liebestod* remarkable for its leaps of logic and its magical prose, its worship of death and its moments of passive beauty.

Crown of Flowers begins and ends with the same violent image: a house in flames. At one of the windows stands the mother of one of the characters, burning to death. But all of Kurtzman's characters are parentless and displaced from the destroyed civilization that the burning house suggests. They gather together on an "island" that is more a psychic state than a real place, a psychedelic circus where mutation is king.

Like the madman or the acid-head, Kurtzman's heroes "change" reality. But they do it with religious grace, comforting each other with acts of love or beautiful fantasies. They "find themselves" by losing themselves in each other, or by losing all sense of themselves and turning into the role they play within the group. "I am becoming some word or thought that the others imagine when they need." One of the "needy" becomes a "tapeworm," draining the rest of nourishment. The burden of feeding this kind of hunger turns the crown of flowers into a crown of thorns, and creates a crucifixion caused by human contact that is too frequent and too demanding. In this novel the "real" crucifixion is the one you live out daily, the slow, abrasive agony of needing and loving other people.

Death is the only lover who brings nothing but joy. Deke, a fellow who achieves a detachment so blissful it violates sanity, yields to it as an erotic force. His suicide is a love affair with extinction:

> The water comes into my lungs smoothly because that is where it is meant to be, the water comes in to me and mixes to make all my fluids and all my blood pure. The blade comes in to open my wrists but I do not feel it and I do not have pain, my body is opened to the water so that I may spread and touch into all parts of the world. I am becoming lighter and I am exhaling all that is not water. I am filling all the dry spaces inside me with amber light and seashell smells. I am floating like delicate drops in the wind and I am becoming, now, just what I am supposed to become.

In this blissful death Deke undergoes some elemental change. Kurtzman makes you feel that his poetic transformations spring out of chemistry, out of an awareness that the body is but one arrangement of molecules capable of infinite rearrangement, and that the process of mutation is sometimes known as death. Dissolution here means pure liberation, freedom from a confining human shape and crushing human needs. This may be the *liebestod* of the Seventies, one with no union of souls but where death brings a mystical union with an inhuman force for change.

Kurtzman clearly believes the madness of his characters to be some higher sanity, but it would be rash to believe their sanity is joyous. It seems to me to well out of despair, perhaps over that burning house of civilization whose destruction cannot be stopped. No one can extinguish the fires that begin and end this book, so everyone tries to change his *opinion* of flame, tries to turn destruction into purification and burning flesh into an erotic metaphor. Kurtzman's characters encounter death and deny that it is death; they cannot change the awful reality they see, and so they change its image. Kurtzman, a writer of considerable talent and more considerable promise, is the poet of this transformation.

Christopher Brookhouse's *Running Out* is a passionate, lyrical book about death's invasion of life, about varieties of extinction ranging from suicide to murder to a longing for the selfless, will-less existence of pollen in the wind. It is also a love story. Brookhouse's *liebestod* is played out through Bingham and George, former roommates at Harvard who, for different reasons, lust after "death" and Rachael, a beautiful Molly Bloom with a Radcliffe degree, who is the mistress of both men.

"My enemy is my father and history," declares Bingham, whose wealthy New England father committed suicide after a lifetime of teaching his son his own fascination with death. Rachael "teaches" Bingham "pleasure," and distracts him with her body, but she cannot divert him from his quest for extinction.

Rachael is astonishingly addicted to life, presumably because she can absorb her experiences without trying to shape them. She knows she is fated by her beauty to "comfort these tormented men," and, after Bingham's peculiar death, she comments: "I have only to place myself in front of the right door or in the right hands. I will be taken care of." And she is. Men, Brookhouse seems to feel, lack a comparable gift for passivity.

Brookhouse's characters are tools in the service of his ideas. But Bingham and Rachael are drawn with such sensitivity that they have the believable unbelievability metaphors can achieve. George is more a buffoon of metaphysics than the conqueror the author would like you to believe he is. The more his behavior is explained, the more incomprehensible it seems.

After seducing Cliffies as a Harvard undergraduate, George continues to do so as an assistant professor of English until, attacked by remorse and the realization that "fathers don't send their girls to Radcliffe so they can get laid by some assistant professor," he leaves Cambridge to find "sanity" in

North Carolina, where it presumably lives. "Sanity" consists of abandoning women for immersion in the sensual joy of nature. Sex, words, the poems he teaches—all run out on George, leaving him with a passion for silence and the soil that may remind one of D. H. Lawrence's. But George is a Lawrence of the Seventies, a lover with no belief that the world can reel with the energy of Male and Female. Where Bingham is engulfed by his fascination with death, and Rachael accepts haphazard life, George escapes the human situation entirely. He "dissolves" in the eroticised workings of nature, in a wordless force that churns up life and death without explaining either, and he achieves a state of passive, quiescent being that is somewhere between

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living and dying. It is precisely this collapse midway between death and life that is Brookhouse's most powerful theme. And he renders it in powerful, lyrical prose.

Kurtzman praises literal death, Brookhouse a metaphoric suppression of the self. Both celebrate that euphoric passivity in which the will to shape or prune the wilderness of human life disappears. Both see union with an impersonal force as an escape from human needs and human striving. And both write beautifully along a thin line between the beautiful and the sickening. It's sickening to believe that all of life is directed toward a grand *trompe l'oeil,* a fabricated image of death. Perhaps it is our modern plague to believe that so much of life is in the mind—to believe that a changed image of death changes death. In these novels the transformed image wins an easy victory over reality; metaphor quite defeats existence. But many will feel this victory has been bought at the price of some deeper truth or that, divorced from the actual passion of human experience, life and death have no meaning at all.

Mary Richie's *A Romantic Education* is a powerful, unromantic book that takes one to a kingdom of death more bleak than the regions Brookhouse and Kurtzman explore. The novel opens with a child praying that God send whatever is best for her ailing mother, who amuses herself with travel books on Japan. When the mother dies, the child is astonished, and dreams of her in a hospital, a "sanatorium of death" from which she must be liberated. The book is really an exploration of rooms in this sanatorium; its chapters catalogue varieties of agony in the life of the grown girl, who goes to Japan as a young woman, becomes involved with a number of men, marries a bisexual American, and is very unhappy.

Miss Richie is best at giving a sense of the impossibility of the romantic. A scene set in a beautiful Zen monastery is typical. Told by the Zen master to sing a song to the loveliest mountain in all Japan, there before them in all its glory, the heroine says, "I had no idea what to sing to a mountain," a comment that is wonderfully expressive of her relation to life. Her "education" is a slow, corrosive process in which songlessness and silence increase. Miss Richie wears words, hope, and expectancy down to nothing, or to the point where her heroine can learn what seems to be the author's lesson: experience is depletion.

Josephine Hendin is the author of "The World of Flannery O'Connor," published last month.

THE LADY:
Studies of Certain Significant Phases of Her History

by Emily James Putnam

University of Chicago Press, 323 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Gould Davis

■ The "lady" depicted in these delightful sketches, as the author states in her introduction, is the female of the favored social class, a luxurious by-product of man's successful competition for wealth and power. Much as modern man, in deference to the cult of conspicuous consumption, loads his wife with labor-saving devices that only complicate her life, so the great lord of earlier times loaded his lady with restrictive leisure and looked upon her idleness as a living advertisement of his wealth. Yet, despite her purely decorative role, the lady managed to exert an appreciable influence on every age in which she lived, from classical Greece to nineteenth-century America.

Writing in 1910, before the "preconception-shattering" revelations of later twentieth-century archeology, Emily James Putnam understandably echoes the once widely held but now thoroughly discredited opinion that woman started low, as it were, and has gradually risen in status since classical times. Mrs. Putnam also endorses the prevalent but highly debatable doctrine of the subjugation of Greek women, though her own wide reading in Greek literature prompts her to doubt its application in practice. For she sees in Hellenic culture "a deep-seated, omnipresent feminism" reflected in the works of the contemporary philosophers and historians, as well as in the plays of the great dramatists, whose heroes are far more apt to be noble women than men. And indeed it seems unlikely that in an Athens where women like Aspasia wielded vast political power the average lady should have been held in such low esteem as tradition and the antifeminist bias of nineteenth-century scholarship have led us to believe.

As for the Roman lady, Mrs. Putnam correctly portrays her as more insistent upon equality with men than her Greek counterpart. Yet, since the gynecocracy of Rome's Etruscan predecessors and the tremendous influence of Etruscan culture on Rome were unknown in 1910, Mrs. Putnam is unaware that the clamor for equal rights that distinguished the Roman lady did not represent an unprecedented wave of feminism but was a legitimate demand for the restoration of her original rights and privileges.

The feminist of the early Roman empire was the last of her breed for 1,600 years. The ladies of the Christian Middle Ages were far more basely subjugated than even the Athenian lady had ever been. Still, the peculiar feudal-monastic society of the times gave rise to the chatelaine and the abbess, and to these great ladies is owed the preservation of the few amenities that survived the Dark Age.

During the Renaissance the learned lady came briefly but brilliantly into her own, and in France she was succeeded in the eighteenth century by the *salonière.* The brilliant ladies of the salons "were possessed of talents so great," writes Mrs. Putnam, "that if they had been men they would have been men of distinction. Being women. . . . they were permitted to undertake great responsibilities provided they preserved an air of being unfit for them."

In England the Renaissance lady evolved into the "blue-stocking," a term of ridicule at the time. Nevertheless, their number included Mary Astey, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Mary Wollstonecraft—the "three Marys" to whom the suffragettes of the next century owed so much.

Mrs. Putnam closes her book with a portrait of the plantation lady in the slave states, a choice that perhaps anticipates the demise of the great lady as a type—a type whose beneficent and civilizing influence, indirect and diffuse as it has necessarily been, lingers like a faint perfume in today's frenzied and not always fragrant egalitarianism.

The book has value for its informed insights into the daily life of the gentlewoman through twenty-five centuries, and, despite its age, no scent of mothballs clings to its pages. Emily James Putnam conceals a hatpin in her quill, and she is not above using it for gentle stabs at the pomposity of man and the absurdity of his masculinist society. "Woman's occasional preoccupation with maternity," she writes, "gave [man] a chance to bring her into subjection," and so he delegated to her all the difficult, menial, and unpleasant tasks, reserving to himself the pleasant and congenial ones. Thus, "custom . . . has made certain distinctions [between the sexes] but whether God concurred in them or not" is so far undetermined.

Elizabeth Gould Davis is a librarian and a student of feminine history.

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Rips in the Law

Continued from page 24

be enforced for the sake of order, and when does an individual have a "higher title of natural right" to violate the law for the sake of justice?

This immensely difficult equation cannot be solved by a mediocre legal system. It can be solved, if at all, only by a system that recognizes the realities of the current turmoil in the land and, on that very account, strives all the more resolutely to be reasonable, objective, fair in purpose, and to govern itself and others by clear and just rules. The unhappy fact is that with the exception of the Supreme Court, the American legal system as a whole is now suffering from self-inflicted wounds that discredit the law and excite doubts in many quarters about its lawfulness.

Three books in particular make this clear. The first is William O. Douglas's *Points of Rebellion,* which establishes a direct connection between the malfunctioning of America's legal system and the unrest in the nation. Thus, for example, Justice Douglas in one section of his book details the ways in which the courts, through some "astonishing decisions," have watered down or discarded altogether the First Amendment's intentions; in another, he tells how laws are biased against the poor, or "make being poor a crime."

The Tales of Hoffman deals with the high points of the protracted trial of the Chicago Eight. While a good selection from the transcripts of that trial appear in the volume, the best way to understand what was fundamentally wrong with the proceedings is to read two essays that appear as introductions to *Contempt,* a record of Judge Julius Hoffman's contempt citations, sentences, and the responses of the defendants. One of these essays is by former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the other by Professor Harry Kalven of the University of Chicago Law School. The extent to which the Chicago trial discredited the law can be sensed from the questions Mr. Clark asks:

> Why did the State government not prosecute if defendants were guilty of acts of incitement to riot? Was this not a violation of state law? Did not the federal law recognize the primacy of state jurisdiction over riotous conduct? . . . Why were the cases brought? Was there really evidence giving probable cause to believe a crime was committed? Why these eight defendants out of scores who participated? . . . Why was conspiracy alleged? Is it not enough to allege illegal acts of violence and incitement? Does acquittal of all defendants on the conspiracy count indicate it was a prosecution ploy? Had conspiracy not been alleged, this trial would never have occurred. The defendants would have been tried separately.

Further:

> Why was Bobby Seale indicted? Did the defendants believe he had nothing to do with planning the protest? Had he attended only at the last moment and made speeches made thousands of times by scores of Black Militants and never a one indicted? Was it a sense of persecution and injustice that caused Bobby Seale to insist on his own lawyer? Was nearly all of the disruptive conduct in court caused by Bobby Seale's inclusion?

Professor Kalven sheds enormous light on Judge Hoffman's role in the court disturbances by relating the contempt citations to specific happenings that fell on certain calendar dates. He notes that, contrary to the impression conveyed by the press, the disruptions of decorum in the court "were in no sense random events." Instead, "two or three triggering events," such as Judge Hoffman's handling of Seale and the revocation of Dellinger's bond, accounted for the major part of the troubles. "The incidence of unrest seems not easily compatible with the notion that the defendants and counsel relentlessly and steadily pursued a single-minded strategy of disturbing the trial process." The disturbances, in other words, were largely of Judge Hoffman's own making.

Aside from this, Professor Kalven makes a devastating analysis—fully comprehensible to the layman—of the unprecedented nature of Judge Hoffman's contempt citations. "The Chicago trial," he writes, "if it does nothing else, may force us to recognize that the contempt power is a major part of our legal structure and as deserving of careful scrutiny in these days of dissent and unrest as are issues of speech and political freedom under the First Amendment."

"Farewell, Gaylord! My regiment of Women's Liberation Army leaves at dawn!"

Another side of the failure of the legal system comes into sharp focus in Dr. Geylin's book about war resisters in prison. His initial intention was to investigate the psychology of the imprisoned war resisters, their motives for resisting, and their attitudes while in prison. This he does in a series of character sketches. But his interest shifted in midstream to a profound concern over the way the penal system operates in the case of men whom it treats as common criminals, but to whom it denies the ordinary rights granted to well-behaved criminals. He observes that many of the war resisters, because of their prison experience, would not again invite arrest. They would instead enter the army and quietly spread dissent within it.

Dr. Geylin also observes that "the cruelty of chance" based on geographical location "can create inequities that should be unthinkable in a reasonable society." In some jurisdictions, draft resisters are rarely brought to trial. In others, where there are eager prosecutors, there is a high incidence of indictments and trial.

> In Oregon, of thirty-three *convicted* Selective Service violators, eighteen were put on probation. In southern Texas, of sixteen violators, *none* were put on probation. In Oregon, not one single man was given a sentence of over three years. In southern Texas, fifteen out of sixteen were given over three-year sentences (fourteen were given the five-year maximum allowable by law). . . . Statistically, the average black man gets a larger sentence than the average white man, and the average political war resister is given an inordinately longer sentence than the Jehovah's Witness, even though the same violation of law has been committed.

One aspect of this general inequity has been removed by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, which equalizes the rights of an authentic conscientious objector to war on philosophical grounds and the rights of a conscientious objector to war on religious grounds. Yet many causes of rebellion in society remain. They can be removed only if the legal profession itself takes the lead in making law the servant of society rather than its capricious oppressor.

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PART OF YOUR TELEPHONE WILL FILL THIS WHOLE ROOM.

It's the part that listens to the number you dial and connects you with the phone you're dialing.

It's called a central office, and not only is it part of your phone but it has been specially designed for you.

All neighborhoods are different—and use their phones differently. Housewives, for example, make fewer calls than businessmen—but generally stay on the phone longer. So the mixture of businesses and homes, as well as stores, farms, schools, etc., determines the exact way your central office equipment is set up.

Engineering the equipment to fit the neighborhood, and then making and installing it, is the job of the company that makes things for the Bell System: Western Electric.

And the people at Western Electric who engineer central offices are systems equipment engineers. They are a vital link between the people of the Bell Telephone companies who serve you directly, and the rest of the people of Western Electric who provide the equipment to do it.

Western Electric. We make Bell Telephones. The big part you never see, and the small part you see every day.

Western Electric

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1) Carl Cheng, "Sculpture for Stereo Viewers," 1967—A construction using modern plastics and photos-in-the-round borrows a bit of traditional inspiration from the Royal Doulton "Balloon Seller."

2) Jack Dale, "Cubed Woman #3," 1970—As the viewer circles this four-foot-plus photo-sensitized glass and Plexiglas structure, the eye reconstructs a woman's figure from the wizardry of thin slice-of-life images.

3) Bea Nettles, "Our Forefathers Were Northerners, and Farmers, Too," 1970—A boxed environment reminiscent of the Victorian shadow box with its costume doll, this hinged diptych features "stuffed" photographs, prints on linen, hand-stitched in the manner of old-fashioned quilting.

4) Charles Roitz, "Ecological Anagoge-Triptych," 1970—Synoptic views of man and his environment merge into a pattern that is both decorative and documentary.

5) Jerry McMillan, "Door," 1965—Cropped photographs of landscape and floor covering combine with detailed painting to suggest the "real" world outside and underfoot.

All photographs courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art, New York

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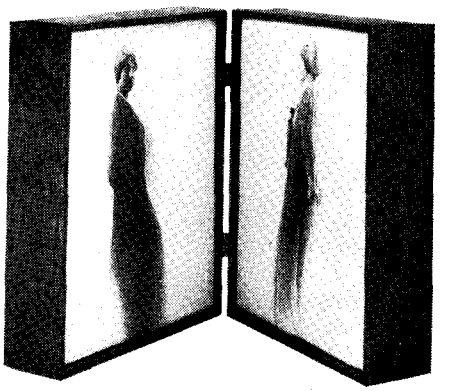

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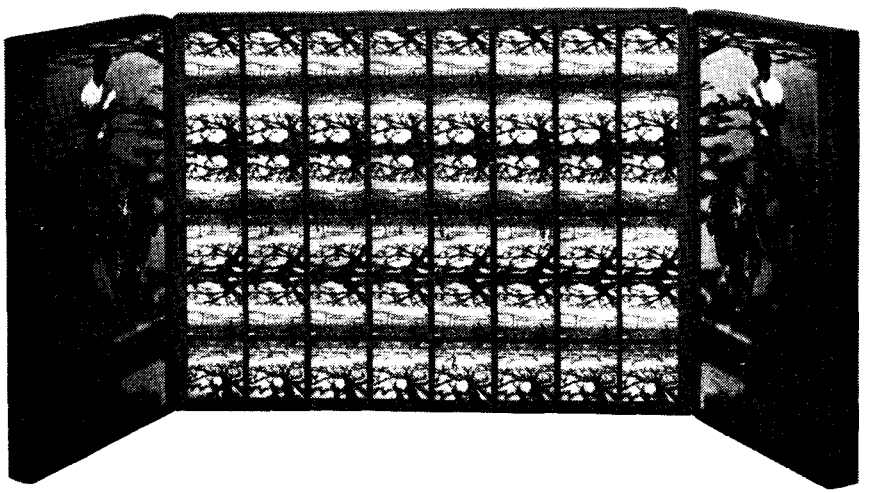

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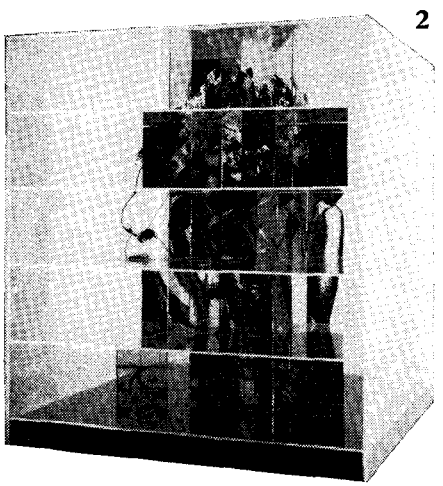

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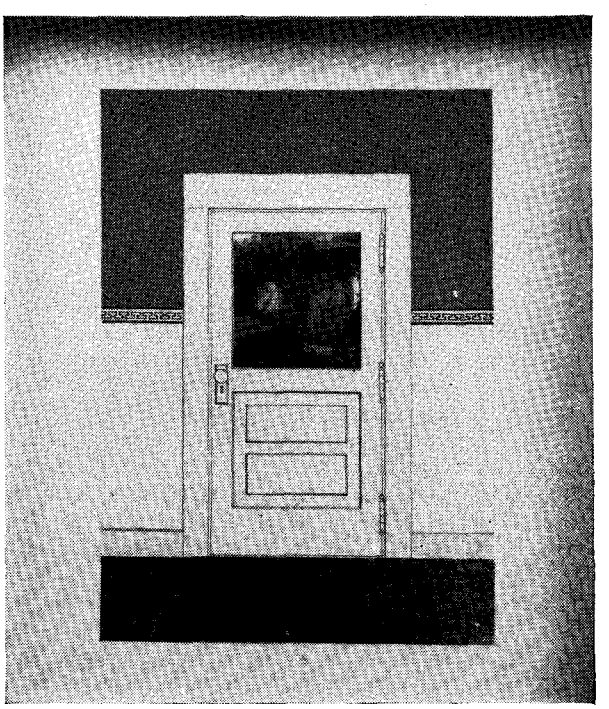

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Stars Over the Berkshires

LEE, MASS. "EDDIE," said Ted Shawn, "is the only star who can sell out performances at the very start or at the end of my festival. Maria Tallchief did it; now it's Eddie." The veteran and venerable (he'll be seventy-nine this fall) founder-director of the world's most famous dance festival, the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, was resting in the box office of the Ted Shawn Theater (built in 1942 as the world's first theater for dance) during the intermission of the opening performance (June 25) of the thirty-eighth year of a historic festival that began in an adjacent barn with Shawn and His Men Dancers and an audience of barely fifty persons. Today, the Pillow can accommodate more than 500 per performance and more than 50,000 during its ten-week season.

Shawn has bequeathed a great many of his duties to his executive director, John Christian, but he remains the squire of Jacob's Pillow, the presiding genius, the old pro. The Eddie he was referring to is Edward Villella, a principal with the New York City Ballet and an independent star of international renown. Shawn believes in the star system—he himself has been a star since 1911—and, as a superb businessman (unusual for an artist), he knows that the star product pays off. Since the Pillow is nine miles from the nearest town, he has discovered that pre- and post-tourist season performances draw small audiences. When the Berkshires are flooded with visitors, he has no attendance problems. But to bolster the late June opening and the Labor Day finale, he learned that only a great star could fill his theater. Miss Tallchief, for years, did it. Today, Villella, a devoted artistic "grandson" of the dance world's "Papa Shawn," does the same.

Thus it was that "Eddie and Pat," or, more formally, Edward Villella and his favorite partner, Patricia McBride, were the special stars of this year's opening week. Shawn was quite right, for the house was filled with pre-vacation Villella fans. The audience not only filled the theater but stood and cheered the stars (Miss McBride danced her first ballerina role at the Pillow a decade ago) when they had finished bedazzling us all with the spectacular *Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux* by Balanchine.

Ted Shawn is not only a dancer, choreographer, lecturer, writer, educator, impresario, and "Papa" to countless dancers, he is also a super-salesman. In addition to believing in the stars—and quite rightly—he believes in promise, the promise proffered by newcomers to his theater world. On occasion, the super-salesman oversells. On the opening bill this year, he continued his format of presenting the great along with those on the threshold. The newcomer to the dance scene was the North Carolina Dance Theatre, just past being two years old, directed by Robert Lindgren, a onetime principal of the old Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Shawn spoke of the new group, in his introductory curtain speech, as "professional," coming from the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem, a school on a college level. But the maestro exaggerated. The Lindgren group is not professional, it is amateur, but one could recommend it highly on the collegiate level. The dancers are, of course, young, but they are also personable and vital. The girls seem to have some problems with *pointe* work (especially in balances), for they settle into their toe shoes instead of rising from them, but the repertory is varied and imaginative. The opening week (the group played for two weeks) featured one classical ballet and two modern pieces: *Symphony Thirteen* (Haydn), choreographed by Duncan Noble; *Closed Door* (Webern), suggested by Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, choreographed by Valerie Bettis; *Summernight* (Schoenberg), with choreography by Job Sanders. The Haydn opener was an agreeable exercise in movement extensions of classical music. The other two works presupposed a knowledge of their source materials. Miss Bettis, if you knew the Sartre original, did a brilliant job of translating it into visual terms. And even if you did not know the ballet's origins, you could get caught up in that wild tangle that makes death and hell indivisible from life. The Peter Larkin setting, with a guillotine motif echoing in an ascending-descending doorway, in a mirror and a bench, provided Miss Bettis with valuable foci.

The Sanders piece definitely requires a knowledge of and, perhaps, an appreciation of the expressionist paintings of Edvard Munch, the Norwegian artist whose renderings of passion and bigotry, of carnal desire and despair are the ballet's inspiration. Sanders did not do as well by his material as did Norway's Edith Roger and Barthold Halle in their *Mot Solen* [*SR*, June 28, 1969], but its choreographic corniness and thinness were somewhat compensated for by the pictorially valid expositions of Munch.

—Ron Protas

Villella—"Eddie . . . can sell out performances."

As the weeks go by, Pillow audiences will be seeing, as in the past, Shawn-conceived bills that relate, combine, or contrast ballet, modern, ethnic, pantomimic, and avant-garde forms, and stars balanced by newcomers—for these festival concepts predate everyone at Jacob's Pillow but Shawn himself. Selecting at random, then, one will see the great Hindu classicist Ritha Devi and the magnificently theatrical Bhaskar, both from India; the full Les Grands Ballets Canadiens and such individual ballet stars as Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez; Arthur Mitchell's black Dance Theatre of Harlem and Jean-Léon Destiné's black dancers of Haiti; the avant-garde Murray Louis and the long-established modern dance star Pearl Lang.

And if ten different bills at Jacob's Pillow cannot feed your dance hungers, there are two other area summertime dance festivals to augment the fare: the American Dance Festival at Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut, and the fifth annual summer season by the New York City Ballet at the Saratoga (New York) Performing Arts Center.

But it will be at Jacob's Pillow, of course, that you will see the star-believer, the star-maker, the senior star himself, Ted Shawn. On July 26 he will be on stage as performer, in the theater which bears his name, to lecture on "Dance and Religion." He will, as all dancers do despite age, make gestures and motions; and if he feels up to it, who knows, we might get a dance dividend, his great solo, *St. Francis.*

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Sad Sack in Puyallup

THE FCC has long had to contend with a "sad sack" federal agency image, one characterizing it more as a champion of the broadcast industry than as an advocate of the public interest. Yet, most of its detractors would hesitate to charge the commission with ponderously slow adjudicatory action that results, wittingly or not, in the corruption of the democratic process. Nevertheless, that is precisely the nature of the shadow cast over the commission in its inexplicable handling of a challenge to deny the renewal of the license of KAYE, a radio station in Puyallup, Washington, near the city of Tacoma.

In April 1969, attorneys for a group of sixty-nine individuals in the Tacoma area formally petitioned the FCC not to renew KAYE's license. The petitioners, the Puget Sound Committee for Good Broadcasting, comprised prominent religious leaders, businessmen, teachers, and community activists. KAYE, they asserted, was largely the personal mouthpiece for the station's local owner-manager, of right-wing political persuasion, who used it to attack the Tacoma city administration in a complex, heated controversy involving the use of federal funds for the black minority.

The petitioners also charged that the station continually violated the Fairness Doctrine in personal attacks on its opponents; that it manipulated "open-mike" call-in programs for purposes of propaganda and abuse; that it dispensed dangerous, misleading medical information; and that it had made false claims to the FCC in connection with its renewal application.

Furthermore, the petitioners asserted, the station was in perilous financial condition: It was unable to support itself by the sale of time, and it solicited public contributions over the air, seeking to be the champion of a political movement hostile to liberals, blacks, and, in the station's own words, "certain Supreme Court justices."

At the FCC, the petition caused KAYE's license renewal to be deferred. An attorney in the Renewals Division was assigned to the case; he notified the station, but it failed to file a reply as requested. Several months later, under commission order, the station eventually did comply. It denied most of the charges and accused the petitioners of trying to stifle debate; it offered to furnish, in the future, "transcript tapes" of personal attacks if the individuals attacked would pay for their preparation. A group supporting KAYE maintained that the petition was all part of a plot financed by the Ford Foundation, the AFL-CIO, the Field Foundation, and the United Church of Christ, among others, to silence broadcasting stations that did not agree with their political, economic, and religious philosophies. This group submitted a list of 7,000 signatures in defense of KAYE's management and policy; the original petitioners then countercharged forgery.

Since last August, the matter has been shuffling through the FCC mill; it has gone from the Renewals branch to Complaints and Compliances, and thence to the General Counsel's Office, where at least two attorneys have worked individually on it, each essentially having to begin from the beginning, thus furthering delay.

Meanwhile, back in Tacoma, the petitioners have been publicly abused by the station; they have been subjected to anonymous phone calls and threats. The station, instead of modifying its behavior, has intensified it; in several broadcasts, a speaker brought up the hoary Protocols of the Elders of Zion hoax in such a biased manner as to impel the Anti-Defamation League to ask the FCC to permit its joining in the petition to deny license renewal.

When a broadcast station commits itself to an exclusive political cause, rather than to financial success, it may reap profits of another and dangerous sort. According to KAYE's opponents, the station's peddling of fear and hate has had "a fantastic impact" on Tacoma's government. One administration has been turned out of office, and another—friendly to the station—has been elected. What matter if you lose a license, which apparently you don't care about, when you can gain control of a city's government?

Even if the FCC eventually orders a hearing to determine whether KAYE is serving the public interest, at the rate it is going the commission may take half a dozen years before the matter plods its weary way through the commission and the courts. And if the station meanwhile is determined to pursue its present "patriotic" course, nothing can deter it, for it quite properly should have its day in court. Yet, there is something deeply wrong with FCC law and regulation in permitting such unconscionable delay. Attorneys who have worked at the commission assert that six months is ample time to decide on the necessity for a renewal hearing, and a single attorney should be able to handle it. The commission is said to be exploring ways and means of speeding up its grinding adjudicatory machinery. Until it does, it breaks faith with public-spirited citizens who assume the responsibility of keeping the wells of public opinion pure. To the extent that the commission, out of sloppiness or intent, plays casual with that faith, it in itself becomes a corrupter of the democratic process, rather than an agent for it.

"I'm terribly sorry, Sir. Not only aren't you a winner, but I'm afraid you've lost your car to us!"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Beyond Belief

I CONFESS to being worried about Twentieth Century-Fox, a film company that, over the years, has given me many pleasant moments at the movies, the most recent examples being *Butch Cassidy* and *M*A*S*H*. My discomfort began at a theater screening of *Hello-Goodbye*, starring a French model by the name of Geneviève Gilles. I was literally so sickened by the vapidity of the story, and the non-talent of the breast-baring Miss Gilles, that I did the unthinkable for a reviewer—I walked out. I later learned from some equally sickened Fox employees that the feature-length idiocy had been produced at a cost of $5-million.

Not having seen the whole film, I won't report on it further, but I later felt guilt-ridden over my walkout and decided to sit through the entire length of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, which is also a Fox picture, based not at all on any leavings from the best seller, and produced and directed by Russ Meyer. My Fox publicity brochure had an anecdote about Richard D. Zanuck, president of the firm, seeing a Russ Meyer film called *Vixen* and exclaiming: "If he can produce those values for that kind of money ($72,000), we need him here."

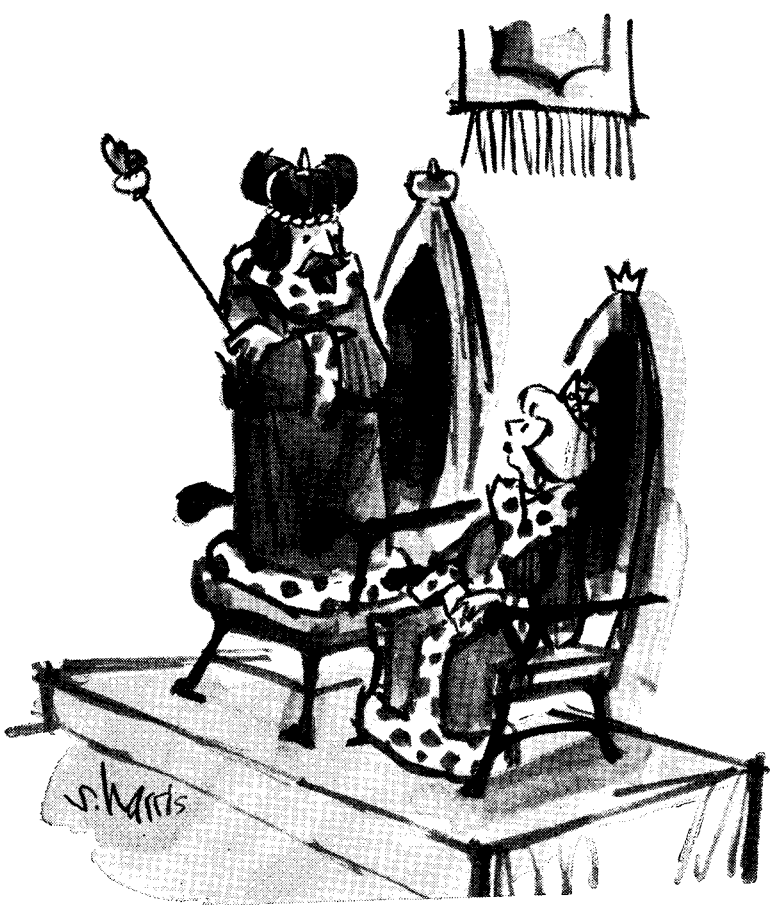
Russ Meyer, in case the fact is not well known, is the maker of nineteen "skinflicks" designed for the voyeur trade, and, given the sleazy nature of the type, is a craftsman of sorts. Now Fox has given him a big budget to fool around with, and fool around is pretty much what he does. With a concocted story about a rock trio of three girls, borrowing a silly plot line from *Myra Breckinridge*, he has made what might be termed a "major skinflick," revealing meanwhile a mentality that would appear to be ultimately depraved. But he is also foxy, for he makes the dialogue so unutterably stupid that it can't help but bring hoots and hollers from those given to seeing high camp in low places. Thus he can make it with both the snobs and the dopes.

The film doesn't merit much analysis, except perhaps to mention that there is a distinct hostility toward the female underlying the shots of bulbous bosoms, undulating rears, and the intimations of rapacious sexuality (very little actually happens, as though there is still a secret fear of the censor hovering about). One might easily assume that Mr. Meyer has some unhappy neurotic problems of his own that are the more legitimate concern of the psychiatric profession. But what about the executive level at Fox? It must share the debasement brought upon a medium it is supposedly sustaining. Also it would be unfair not to mention the contribution of Roger Ebert, a Chicago film critic. He wrote the screenplay, which is less filthy than vulgar, less frank than dishonest, and totally cynical. *Et tu*, Roger?

Myra Breckinridge, also made at Fox, purports to be on a higher level, if only because Gore Vidal mixed in occasional bits of wit and wisdom with the pornography of his novel. And, after all, the name of the author is supposed to have some class, as they used to say. This one, however, turns out to be one long, relatively meaningless bore, filled with what in sports are known as cheap shots. What meanings there are must be found in the fact that it was made at all, and in the nature of the participants, who include Raquel Welch, Mae West, John Huston, and another film critic, Rex Reed. The film was directed by the British Michael Sarne, who did some very nice things with his first film, *Joanna*. This time he seems utterly at a loss, as well as bebitched and bewildered.

I do think there might have been a neat satiric notion in the idea of a transvestite making it big in Hollywood, but it got lost in the book and is nowhere to be found in the film. Its climactic moment is literally that, a giant climax (presumably that of Myra/Myron Breckinridge) achieved by buggery and with visual images that include fire, flood, destruction, and an atomic bomb burst. Hardly a new idea, merely the extension of an old one. Running out of story quickly, Sarne has interlarded fully half the film with clips out of the Thirties and Forties, most of which are used salaciously rather than pointedly.

The prevailing dullness is compounded by Raquel Welch, who here is supposed to be getting her big acting opportunity, but is merely flat and surprisingly ladylike for one who is supposed to be male, female, homosexual, and lesbian, all simultaneously. Nor does Huston, Miss West, or Rex Reed manage to penetrate the pall. If the Bank of America is presumed to represent materialistic corruption, what can be said about Twentieth Century-Fox?



"Who says I can't reign standing up if I want to?"

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A City Divided

To fly into Berlin is to miss the dramatic passage from West to East. And yet once a traveler has made the crossing by road or rail into an Iron Curtain country, he may think twice about trying it again. It's more tedious than dangerous. East German sentries seem to take special delight in holding up entering Westerners, as if to say: "You thought you could get away from the supermarket lines by visiting the German Democratic Republic?"

I remember on a previous journey running into far less bother at Czech border controls. Passing from Austria into Czechoslovakia one day, my companion and I were so elated at the brevity of the delay that we failed to see a boy's bicycle lying in the path of our car as we prepared to drive away from the checkpoint. The crunching of spokes and frame brought the bike's owner wailing to the scene. He must have called us by every Czech expletive before we bent the machine back into shape and further soothed him with the gift of a ballpoint pen. The Czech guards standing by made no move to intervene; we were more worried the boy was going to call his mother.

Forgoing the drama this summer, I flew from Munich to Berlin on a Sunday afternoon. The flight proved no more eventful than a shuttle from San Francisco to Los Angeles. British European Airways, under an agreement with Air France, sends nearly fifty flights a week into Berlin from the West, and all a passenger has to do when the plane lands at Tempelhof Airport, deep in the Eastern Zone but squarely within West Berlin, is to belt up his trench coat, pull down his hat brim, and hail a cab to the city.

I was met, not without a touch of intrigue, by a CBS correspondent named Paul Moor and his pet bulldog, Charlie. Moor, a native Texan who has worked in Berlin for fourteen years, succeeds in blending character traits of both localities. His dress is distinctly Southwest—cowboy boots, wrangler-styled sport coats, stovepipe pants. He has mastered most of the idioms of the rich Berlin dialect, but at the same time clings tenaciously to an American accent (his Texasese vanished years ago) so he won't appear *too* German. Compounding the identity, he drives a Citroën sedan, with the back seat reserved for Charlie who follows his master everywhere but across The Wall.

East Berlin being our first destination, we left Charlie at Moor's office and drove through the sodden afternoon to the Friedrichstrasse control point known to all sides as Checkpoint Charlie. The gray-uniformed East German guards we encountered were lighter of heart and hand than one would expect from the weighty reputations they've earned in the nine years since the wall went up. My passport picture, taken in less hirsute times, caught a young official off guard. His eyes danced back and forth from the photo to my face until he was convinced. Handing back the passport, he cracked a joke in German that tickled his colleagues behind the counter. From a back room, used for questioning suspicious visitors, came the staccato report of a football radio broadcast.

On the Wilhelmstrasse, not far from the wall, a green mound rises in the middle of a vacant lot. Beneath it lie the multilevel remains of Hitler's bunker, which closeted the Führer and his friends in the final days of the Third Reich. This pile of rubble, covered with dirt and seeded with grass, stands as an unmarked memorial to a man and his doing. We had to be content with a view from the car window. Moor said the bunker is too near the wall to risk closer inspection.

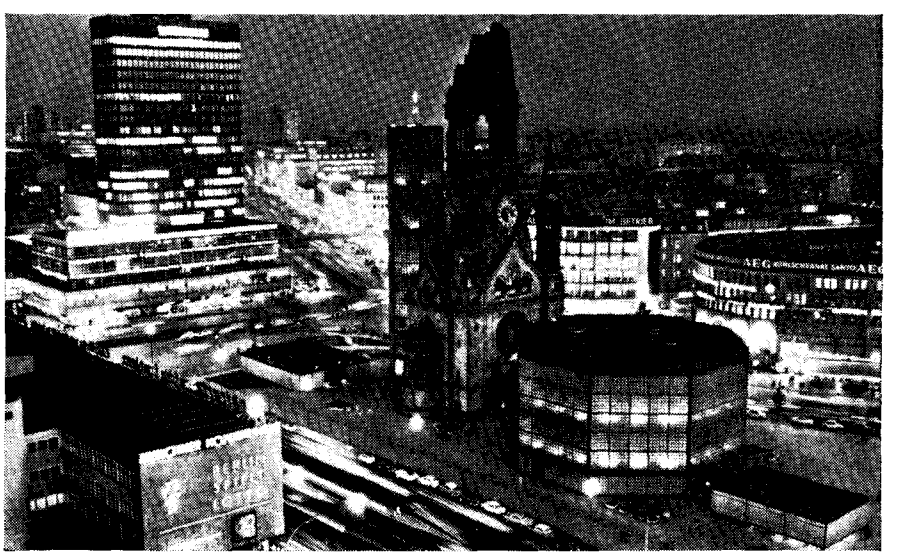
Emptiness, drabness, desolation—these are the impressions that touch the outlander as he cruises east along the blocks closest to the wall. The empty lot on which the prewar U.S. Embassy once stood remains untouched, still property of the U.S. government. Unter den Linden, the storied boulevard that runs "beneath the lime trees," has restored a bit of its former dignity, but the café and hotel life that once sparkled around its main intersection at Friedrichstrasse has long been stilled. On this weekend afternoon the avenue stood deserted, save for a few groups of sight-seeing soldiers on leave.

Moor cautioned me against drawing the clichéd conclusion that East Berlin has no life or meaning. "It just isn't true," he said. "For one thing, visiting Americans tend to overlook the fact that East Berliners can leave the city

(*Continued on page* 55)

—*Charles Hansing, Pix*

East Berlin's Unter den Linden (above) retains some of its former dignity. Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church (below) haunts West Berlin's Kurfürstendamm.



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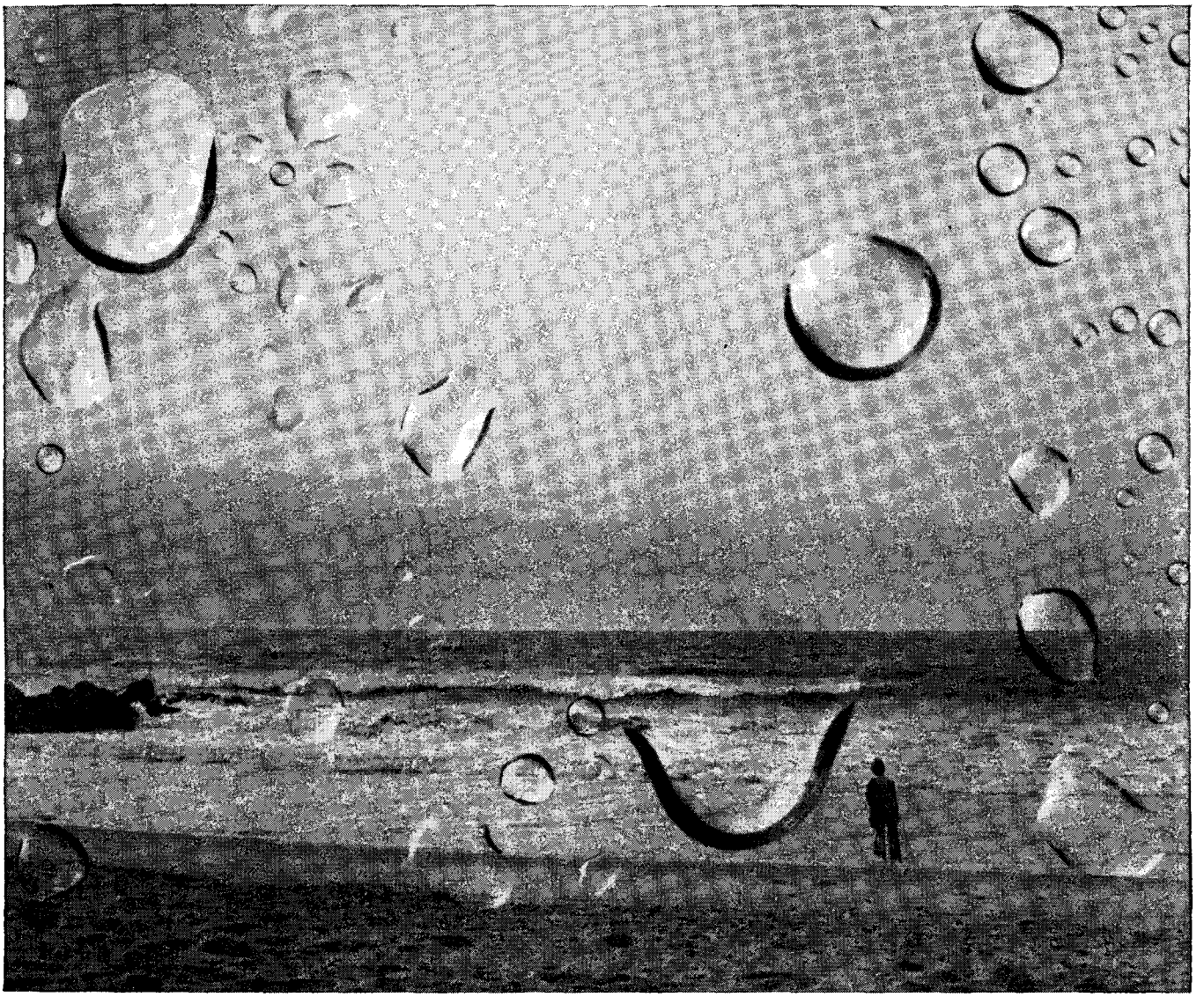

Photo–surrealism

Raindrops on a window, inches from the camera. A girl on a beach, a hundred feet away. Both exquisitely sharp, which gives the picture its special quality. But, how to do it without special equipment?

In theory, you'd first shoot the beach scene, focusing on the girl. Moments later, after rewinding the film one frame, you'd focus on the rain spattered window and make a second exposure. Quite simple, really. Except that it's impossible with most cameras because their lenses can't provide the tremendous focusing range required.

With the Nikkormat FTN it was as simple as it sounds. This 35mm single lens reflex is made by Nikon and accepts the same interchangeable lenses as the famous Nikon F. It was used here with the 55mm Micro Auto-Nikkor f3.5, an unusual lens that can be focused for any distance from 2.3 inches all the way to infinity. (Imagine being able to use the same lens for life-size closeups of flowers or insects as well as for portraits, kids, parties and the like!)

This is only one example of the uncommon – even "impossible" – pictures the Nikkormat FTN brings within your reach. Yet, for all its capabilities, it is remarkably uncomplicated. Its unique thru-the-lens meter system, for instance, gives you correct exposure instantly, for unusual pictures like this. And it's yours for under $280, including 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens See your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer. Or write for details.

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Nikkormat FTN by Nikon

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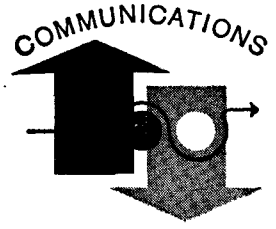

Is Baseball Really Like That?

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

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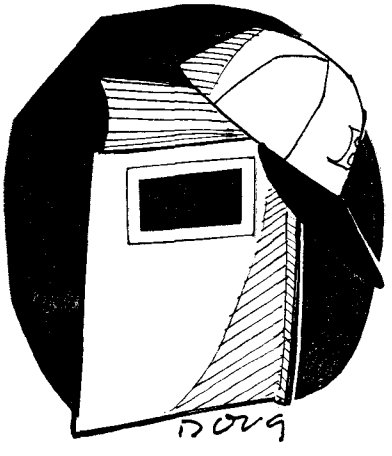

Jim Bouton is a stocky, right-hand pitcher from our part of Michigan whose sense of self-value and ear for gossip have enlivened the new baseball season in 398 pages of a book of inside stuff called *Ball Four*, published by World, which has so unhinged the management of the national pastime that you'd think it was 1919 and the Cincinnati Reds all over again. Far from having thrown a World Series for a few paltry shekels, Bouton is well on the way to a six-figure literary success in excess of anything he ever achieved on the mound, before or after he developed the knuckler. The central question is, of course, whether he's telling it like it is or like it isn't. *Is* baseball really like that in the major leagues?

Well, we used to cover the New York Giants for the New York *Herald Tribune* back in medieval times, and we once traveled with the St. Louis Cardinals of Dizzy Dean and Pepper Martin, who routed all the guests out of the Bellevue-Stratford dining room one series morning in Philadelphia, pretending to be painters by wearing white coveralls and making loud remarks. We have probably seen every off-field antic Mr. Bouton describes and a few he could never publish, not even in these permissive days. About the only thing ballplayers didn't have available to them that they have now are "greenies," pep pills probably more dangerous than they're worth since they can induce malnutrition and neuroses. But yesterday's ballplayers are themselves little or no different from the way Robert Lipsyte recently described Jim Bouton's pals in *The New York Times:* "Twenty-five young, insecure, undereducated men of narrow skills keep circling the country to play before fans who do not understand their problems or their work and who use them as symbols for their own fantasies." Jim Bouton is one of these men.

Self-righteous and sensitive, intelligent and irritating, Bouton describes the familiar game of beaver in exquisite detail, from the vantage points of dugout and hotel roof. Here he indicts Mickey Mantle as one of the champion Peeping Toms, but who has ever traveled with an athletic team (or a fraternity) that did not have sex on its mind morning, noon, and particularly night? Alone, comparatively rich for their age, super-healthy, tense, and ready for anything, professional athletes have been known to take a drink and sleep with a stewardess or two—so what? Every man who travels a lot (and ballplayers are away from home exactly half the time by schedule) knows what loneliness is and the fact that the nearest bar stool is the quickest road to ending it, one way or another, usually both. Grover Cleveland Alexander was still so drunk in the bull pen the day after a hectic win over the Yankees that when the Cardinals called him in to pitch with the bases loaded in the seventh and deciding game of the series his associates had to help him to his feet, put his glove on the left hand, throw water in his face, and start him across the field in the general direction of the mound. He struck out Tony Lazzeri on four pitches and won the championship.

Baseball doesn't like Bouton's book —not one little bit, in part at least because of the candor with which he tells how Emmett Ashford, the first Negro umpire in the majors, has had to take all Jackie Robinson took and more, even from fellow umpires. But what's new about cruelty and prejudice in sports? Rogers Hornsby, a Klansman, used to call Pat Malone, the star pitcher on the Cubs, absolutely unprintable names ending in "redneck mackerel snapper," and Malone was on Hornsby's team! Hank Greenberg had to offer to lick every guy on the Detroit roster to halt a perfect stream of anti-

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Semitic abuse, which somehow ceased when Greenberg's big bat won the pennant for the Tigers. The constant, needless cruelty and obscenity in line play in pro football have to come from the Bulldog Turners of the earth, who boast proudly, "I *like* to hurt people." And who can blame a Joe Frazier or a Harry Greb or a Mickey Walker for heading for the nearest saloon once he has helped reduce a worthy opponent's brains to gray mush and hazarded same himself for the better part of an hour?

What Jim Bouton has done, then, is to tell the average fan what really goes on during the twenty-four hours of a ballplayer's life, especially on the road. But will Average Fan read this book—or *any* book? Alas, no, not millions of television sports buffs born and raised on optimistic nice-Nellie pap pouring from club-controlled and club-paid announcers in every big-league town. Listening to these super-soapers, one seldom encounters enlightenment about the seamier side of baseball, the feuds, the hurts, the money, the boasting, the tawdry private world Bouton opens for us. Maybe Ring Lardner's famous short story is right—"The people don't want to see him knocked. He's champion." In any case, you still have to read the sports pages to find something closer to the truth than you hear over the air, and since Red Barber, the great sportscaster, was summarily fired for just this sort of candor, few of his club-paid colleagues are going to step up to the press box mike and say, "Now, here's what baseball is really like." For trying to answer this question, Jim Bouton holds us in his eternal debt in his lively and revealing printed mixture of inside gossip and self-pity, a literary venture that truly tells it like it is.

—R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Illiteracy and Free Subscriptions

RE: Richard L. Tobin's editorial "News and the Functional Illiterate" [*SR*, June 13]. This editorial, combined with the letter to the Communications Editor "TV Violence—and the Ghetto Child" in the same issue and President Nixon's proposal about the guaranteed wage, prompts an idea that could only accomplish good, and at comparatively small cost.

If it is true that "children will read if their parents have books, magazines, and newspapers about the house and not just for show," would it not be a worthwhile investment for the government to subsidize free subscriptions to, say, three major national magazines and one newspaper, or some combination thereof, for each welfare family? Admittedly, this would cover only a small percentage of the "functionally illiterate," but it would be a start.

An arrangement such as this obviously would not show results immediately, but it is the kind of thing that would probably reap large dividends in perhaps twenty years.

EVELYN KOBLER,
New York, N.Y.

THE FINAL SENTENCE of R.L.T.'s editorial need not be a cry of despair. "The trend toward functional illiteracy" can be reversed. "Habitual exposure to the printed page" will be much more common than it is today.

The present philosophy of reading instruction hinders both above desiderata. However, there are teachers who are urging a halt to the fifty-year hopeless trend of teaching reading beyond the third year in elementary school. There are reading experts today who advise silent reading in the classroom in twenty- to thirty-minute periods for half the school day.

Most authorities agree that habits are established through systematic practice. In other words, the habit of reading can be achieved by daily acts of sustained reading. Unfortunately, too many leaders of the International Reading Association do not see reading as a process requiring only a reader and print. These people demand the services of a teacher of reading even after a child has learned to recognize the written words he knows from hearing and speaking them. The well-meaning teacher thus impedes the development of the habit of reading and simultaneously hinders the pupil from obtaining the knowledge found in books.

In the nineteenth century, the objective of reading instruction was oral reading with expression. Teachers were compelled to teach reading as if it were a lesson in elocution. No expert advocates that practice today. The few experts favoring silent reading prevailed, however, and in the twentieth century teachers were advised of the benefits of non-oral reading. For a few decades, it appeared that the child would get a chance to read, that he would not be forced to learn *about* reading.

However, the belief that the child is a young adult prevailed, and the authorities invented a host of new impediments to silent reading in the classroom. Today, they speak of changing the books to conform to certain language discoveries of the contemporary grammarians. They propose the use of expensive machines to teach reading. They study the oral language of children and urge book language appropriate to their findings. And they repeat ad nauseam the frustrating demand that children must first learn scores of reading comprehension skills before they are given a chance to read. Silent reading continues to be a matter only for out-of-school practice.

The irony of the situation is that most of these same experts affirm the need for much silent reading. Sure, they agree, the habit of reading can only be developed by extensive reading. But in practice they turn child attention to workbook lessons calculated to improve certain nonexistent reading comprehension skills. And they blame the children when annual reports reveal that most pupils are still not using books effectively. Small wonder that the adult population reflects this reading delinquency on the part of children.

The knowledge explosion of the twentieth century will force a change in reading instruction. The few lone voices today suggesting in-class silent reading for half the school day will increase, just as did the few isolated sages in the latter half of the nineteenth century who urged silent reading to replace oral expressive reading. Then, and only then, will "habitual exposure to print" be a normal procedure in school and out and functional illiteracy disappear.

ISIDORE LEVINE,
The Queensborough Council of Reading,
Long Island City, N.Y.

R.L.T.'s editorial is a good one. It says in such precise words what I have been trying to tell my family for ten years: that whosoever sits in front of television set for three to six hours a day is just corroding his mind.

MRS. BURTON A. LEHMAN,
Steilacoom, Wash.

Thoreau Would Like Texas

THERE MUST BE thousands of refugees from riots around the country who felt as I did while reading Allen R. Dodd's "Okay, Thoreau, We Know You're in There" [*SR*, June 13] that the author was telling it like it is. And the beauty part of it is that you keep looking at your own crazy contentment in middle America with awe and wonder, and secretly berating yourself for not having had the nerve to make the break ten or twenty years earlier. My wife and I (Milwaukee, San Francisco, Washington, and Johannesburg) take special pride and satisfaction in leaving both house doors open day and night. It's hard to believe that there are still places like this in America, but there are; and the more I look around, more of them seem to be in the state of Texas.

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The Horace Greeley admonition to "Go West, young (forty-six!) man!" is still first-rate advice. And Mr. Dodd's article will do much to bring it back to the attention of those who need it so desperately these days.

EDMUND A. BOJARSKI,
McMurry College,
Abilene, Tex.

Small-Town Journalism

I WAS INTRIGUED by R.L.T.'s editorial "Monopoly Newspapers and the Credibility Gap" [*SR*, May 9]. I bought this newspaper nineteen years ago when I was managing editor of the Detroit *Free Press*. Not only editors and reporters have their troubles in small towns; so do advertising personnel. This is to say the views R.L.T. expressed are entirely correct and I speak from personal experience. Congratulations.

DALE STAFFORD,
Editor-President, *The Daily News*,
Greenville, Mich.

Journalists and PR Prejudice

RE: Norman Hill's "When Journalists Become PR Men" [*SR*, June 13]. It is true, as Mr. Hill points out, that journalists often cling to their prejudices against public relations people, even after they join the group. Gradually, their viewpoints change—with education. One reason journalists resent PR people, as some of them still do, is simply that they have a false impression of just what PR is—an impression sometimes conveyed by inadequate PR people, or an impression sometimes jumped at by self-important journalists.

So the fault is on both sides. But there is another reason: a definite lack of facilities for teaching public relations. Few universities have courses. Most PR men learn right on the job—including journalists who switch over—and this takes time. To help remedy this situation, this PR firm prepared a correspondence course in public relations. While it is still fairly new (only twenty months old), we find that most of our students are not young people who want to get into the field. Instead, they are journalists, some of them editors, who are getting ready to switch into PR, and others in PR jobs who want to learn more about the fundamentals.

Incidentally, most of our students are *SR* readers; we advertised in *SR* exclusively for more than a year. We call our school the American Institute of Public Relations.

P. J. MCCARTHY,
Chicago, Ill.

Lord Thomson—and Newhouse

FROM JOHN TEBBEL'S interesting article "Press Power Revisited" [*SR*, June 13], I noted the following: "In terms of control, the most powerful publisher in the world today must be Lord Thomson of Fleet, who is virtually unknown to most Americans of any age, yet who owns more newspapers in America than anyone else." Later, Mr. Tebbel observes: "The American who controls the largest number of newspapers in this country is Samuel I. Newhouse. . . ."

Conceivably, a more meaningful "numbers game" would be some statistics on the comparative circulation totals of these two groups of publications. Because Newhouse functions in densely populated areas—cities rather than towns and villages—his newspapers are bought by far more people than those of Lord Thomson in this country.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Selling Vanity

AS THE PUBLISHER of *Merit's Who's Who Among American High School Students*, I would like to comment on Gilbert Cranberg's article "The Business of Selling Vanity" [*SR*, May 9].

Mr. Cranberg points to "the broad standards for selecting students" and that we will "list anyone who has demonstrated leadership in the fields of academics, activities, athletics, and/or community service," and that the schools who make the selection are limited to 10 per cent of their junior and senior classes. It is important to note that these are virtually the same "broad standards" used by the National Education Association for selecting students in the National Honor Society, a well-accepted standard of student excellence in our nation's high schools. Furthermore, Cranberg failed to report, although he was aware, that 96.2 per cent of the students listed in our book continue their education in college, and that 24.2 per cent of the students listed were either valedictorians or salutatorians.

With regard to the "small scholarship program," we would like to point out that the $4,000 to $6,000 contributed annually since 1968 by the Merit Publishing Company Scholarship Foundation is four to six times larger than the funds contributed by many of the giants of American industry who sponsor National Merit Scholarships, the prestigious nonprofit organization also mentioned in Cranberg's article. Although we do not expect praise for our scholarship contributions, it certainly seems contrived to offer criticism for this activity.

Other facts omitted from Cranberg's article: The book is readily available in more than 1,000 public and private libraries, and is heavily subscribed to by college admissions directors who use it as a reference guide for admissions. Regarding the use of abbreviations in our listings, referred to by Cranberg as "gibberish," we should like to mention that an extensive four-and-a-half-page glossary of abbreviations is indexed and covers all abbreviations.

Finally, we would like to point out other policies practiced to distinguish ourselves from "fast-buck" *Who's-Who*-type publishers, which Cranberg knew, but failed to report. Most important, all of our literature *emphasizes* that students need not purchase in order to be listed and less than 30 per cent of the students featured do purchase the book (same percentage as *Who's Who in America*, Marquis). In addition, students' home addresses are not published in our book nor released to any individual, firm, or organization, for any price or for any purpose. Although numerous offers to buy our mailing list have been made, the students' privacy is rigidly guarded.

Because of the gross omission of facts, as outlined above, it is apparent that Cranberg was determined to write an exposé and was undaunted by facts and figures to the contrary. With this type of irresponsible reporting and the power of the press as a vehicle, we and others are easy prey.

PAUL C. KROUSE,
President, Merit Publishing Company,
Northfield, Ill.

Mr. Cranberg replies: "The National Honor Society requires student members to have a minimum scholarship average of B, or 85 per cent, or its equivalent. *Merit's Who's Who* has no academic standard and will list anyone recommended by a principal.

"I did not criticize Mr. Krouse's scholarship program, only the deceptive use of 'The Merit Publishing Scholarship Foundation, a Not-for-Profit Organization' on his letterhead to give the impression that his for-profit publishing venture is nonprofit.

"Mr. Krouse believes his book is made comprehensible by a four-and-a-half-page glossary 'which covers all abbreviations.' The 528 abbreviations in the 1968-69 glos-

sary are of limited aid. A footnote to the glossary states: 'Many biographies on the following pages contain abbreviations and symbols not listed here and for the most part were received from the students in that manner with no explanation given.'

"Contrary to Mr. Krouse's assertion, I stated in the article that students contacted by *Merit's Who's Who* were told that 'purchase of the book was not a condition for being listed.'

"Mr. Krouse's chief complaint seems to be that I did not appreciate the importance and usefulness of his book. It is self-evident that a compilation of up to 10 per cent of high school juniors and seniors submitted at the discretion of their principals has minimal reference value. Some 98 per cent of libraries decline to have the book on their shelves. Mr. Ted Cooper, executive director of the National Association of College Admissions Counselors, states, 'I have yet to find an admissions officer who has found the book of any value.'

"An essential difference between *Merit's Who's Who* and *Who's Who in America* is that while approximately the same percentage of listees buy each book, sales to listees account for only one-third of *Who's Who in America*'s circulation, but they account for 90 per cent of sales of Mr. Krouse's book. A biography book that is coveted primarily by the biographees serves a purpose, but that purpose is not the spread of useful information."

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How I Broke the Mylai 4 Story

by SEYMOUR M. HERSH

It was a young man—not in the military—who called me on the afternoon of October 22, 1969, to report that the Army was "court-martialing some lieutenant in secrecy at Fort Benning. He's supposed to have killed seventy-five Vietnamese civilians."

I still don't completely know why I believed my caller; catastrophe via telephone tip is a cheap commodity in Washington, D.C. Two factors, I guess, were important. First, I hated the war in Vietnam and knew that the full story of its nature was not known to most Americans. Second, I had had the experience of publishing a book on chemical and biological warfare in 1968 telling, among other things, of huge Army nerve gas depots and the outdoor testing of lethal bacteria and viruses by Strangelovean military scientists. Although the book eventually helped the White House change its mind about biological warfare, its impact was slow in coming: Americans simply did not believe such things went on in America.

I instinctively knew I was not the first reporter to hear about the charge against the lieutenant, whoever he was, but I also knew I was probably one of the few who would believe it. So I simply stopped all other work (I was then researching a book on the Pentagon for Random House) and began chasing down the Mylai 4 massacre story.

I began at the beginning: Who was being court-martialed? For obvious reasons, I did not telephone the Pentagon press office with my query. So I called friends in and out of the military (some were retired) all over Washington. I made at least twenty-five calls a day for two or three days until I got a lead. An old friend on Capitol Hill, a hawk, knew about the case. He gave me a few sketchy details, but urged me not to do anything about the story. "It'll hurt the Army, Sy." I had gone to the hawks in Congress for information on the assumption, usually sound, that they would have been informed in advance by the Army, which could ill afford to have its boosters read about mass murder charges in the newspapers.

My hawk friend also told me that there was as yet no court-martial under way. I then took a chance and telephoned the public information office at Fort Benning, Georgia, and asked for the names of any men being held for court-martial. Someone told me that a Lt. William L. Calley of Miami, Florida, was being held on murder charges "for offenses allegedly committed against civilians while serving in Vietnam in March 1968." I was told that an Associated Press dispatch about the charges could be found on page 38 of *The New York Times* for September 8. The officer on the other end of the telephone was courteous and helpful; he, perhaps, knew even less about the case than I did.

I was sure that Lieutenant Calley was the one accused of the mass murder. I went back to my friend in Congress and began the standard newspaperman's bluffing operation: pretending to know more than I did. I then learned that Lieutenant Calley was indeed the officer charged with the murder of more than seventy-five civilians; my source thought the correct number was over ninety. He also told me that the lieutenant not only had ordered his men to open fire, but also had fired at civilians himself. I was told that this group of men were obviously psychotic and urged once again not to write anything (at no time, however, did anyone threaten me in connection with my investigation).

I then talked to some officers at the Pentagon, all of whom knew something about the case. Most refused to say anything, but one colonel, who also told me not to write about Mylai 4, indignantly slammed the edge of his hand against his knee and said, "Don't tell me kids this high are Vietcong." The implication was plain: Calley and his men had gone berserk. It was an aberration.

By now, less than two weeks after

getting the tip, I suspected that there had been a massacre of civilians in Vietnam that went far beyond Calley; and I knew that many members of Congress and many Pentagon officers knew a great deal about it. Only the public hadn't been told. But as a reporter, I was still far away from being able to write about the massacre. Who was Calley? When did it happen? What happened? What were the charges?

I had to find Calley's lawyer and then the lieutenant. There was no more information available—at least to me—in Washington. After some frustrating attempts, I telephoned my original source and asked if he could help. A day later, he came back with the name "Latimer." That was all he knew; Calley's lawyer was named Latimer. There was only one lawyer named Latimer in the Washington directory; no, he wasn't representing a Lieutenant Calley in a court-martial case, but perhaps I meant George Latimer of Salt Lake City, a former judge on the Court of Military Appeals. I did. I called Salt Lake City to interview Latimer, but suddenly made another instinctive decision—I wouldn't talk over the telephone to any potential source about the case. Not because of any fear of wiretapping or such, but simply to ensure that I gave myself every chance to get as much information as possible. Latimer agreed, somewhat reluctantly, to see me—he couldn't be sure how much I knew.

In early November, I flew out (aided by a $2,000 travel grant from the Philip Stern Fund for Investigative Journalism), and Latimer and I talked. It was a major step forward. I learned Calley was officially charged with six specifications of murder, where the offenses allegedly took place, something about Calley and his family, and quite a bit about what Latimer thought of the Army charges. I agreed not to publish anything about the case until I contacted Latimer, who made the request before discussing the case with me. There was no reason for me not to make such a pact: Latimer, as long as he did not initiate a newspaper story, had nothing to lose by publication of the charges against his client. The lawyer was convinced the Army was rail-

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—*Wide World*

Seymour M. Hersh—winner of the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting.

"I was convinced the Army was hiding him somewhere...."

roading the young lieutenant. He was going to make another attempt in Washington to have the charges dropped, but acknowledged in advance that it would be fruitless. Would I wait at least until then? Sure.

After seeing Latimer, I called *Life* magazine and told a personal friend there about the story. The friend, one of *Life*'s many editors, took it up immediately with his superiors. A day later, came the word: "Out of the question." *Life* had already heard something about the case, my friend said, and had decided not to pursue. He was disappointed. (Later, I learned that Ronald Ridenhour, the GI whose letter prompted the Army inquiry in March 1969, had contacted the magazine.) I next tried *Look* magazine, even drafting—at an editor's request—a memo outlining the salient facts of the story. They, too, passed it by.

For lack of anywhere else to turn, I kept on researching. All I now needed to begin writing was to find Calley and confirm—once again—the essential details of the case. I knew, from my conversation with Latimer in Salt Lake City, that Calley had been shipped back from Vietnam (where he was serving his third tour) to the United States in midsummer 1969, and was stationed at Benning, one of the Army's largest training centers, near Columbus, Georgia. I decided to go blindly looking for him.

On November 11, I took an early morning flight from Washington's Dulles Airport directly to Columbus, where I rented a car and drove onto the base (like the vast majority of Army installations around the country, Fort Benning is an "open base," available to visitors). Where to begin my hunt? Not the public relations office, certainly. Calley wasn't listed in the base telephone directory, the information operator couldn't find his name under "new" listings, and there was no William Calley listed on any register in the bachelor officers' quarters. I was convinced the Army was hiding him somewhere on the base, nonetheless, and I began with the prisoners stockade under the jurisdiction of the Army Provost Marshal. The basic assumption was that only a few high-ranking officers would know the significance of my questions about Calley; thus, I asked directly for him when I went to the main Provost Marshal's office on the base. The officers were helpful and checked their records, but no William Calley. There were a dozen or so military police (MP) detachments scattered throughout the huge fort; perhaps Calley was locked up covertly in one of them. So I began visiting those units, parking my car in front, grabbing my brief case, and calmly strolling in, saying to the sergeant invariably on duty, "Hi. I'm looking for Bill Calley." No one asked who I was or why I was looking; I assumed they assumed I was a lawyer (since, after all, not too many civilians with brief cases walk into MP offices).

After about four stops, it was clear that no prisoners were being kept in those small MP units, so I gave that up. By now I had been on the base more than three hours, driven more than a hundred miles, and checked most of the obvious places—with no sign of Calley.

He was not listed in any military directories (I even checked the directory at Infantry Hall, the large office building that serves as a focal point for training at Benning). Calley was not a prisoner, at least not in any of the regular detention centers. Yet, his lawyer had made clear he was at Fort Benning, and even indicated that the two were in regular telephone communication.

To reassure myself that Calley did, indeed, exist, I made a reckless move. I walked into the Judge Advocate General's office (JAG serves as the Army's lawyer and would be prosecuting the Calley case) and asked a "lifer," the elderly sergeant at the desk, if he knew where Calley could be reached. The sergeant quickly wanted to know who I was. When I said reporter, he grabbed a telephone and started to place a call to a colonel. I walked out, saying, "It's okay. It's okay." He probably did not complete the call; since I was no longer actually in his office, I was no longer his problem. In the Army, the buck does not stop with sergeants.

By now it was after lunch and I had no clue, except I was pretty sure that Calley was around. At least the sergeant in the JAG office knew who he was. Latimer had also given me the name of Calley's military lawyer at Fort Benning, Major Kenneth A. Raby, but a morning's visit with him did nothing for me, and got the major visibly agitated. The buck doesn't stop with majors, either.

I had a depressing sandwich at an Army cafeteria and thought briefly of giving up. But then I had a better thought. I had noticed that the Fort Benning telephone directory was dated September 1969, at least one month *after* Calley was sent back to the base. His name had been struck from that directory, but perhaps it would still be shown under the "new" or "additional" listings category for the earlier telephone directory. Army telephone books are usually published four times a year, a reflection, unfortunately, more of the constant flux of personnel than of efficiency.

After some explanation, the information operator checked an old book, and found a "new" listing for a William L. Calley, Jr., who was attached to a company in The Student Brigade (TSB), the main training unit for recruits at Fort Benning. I dashed over there, and luckily found the unit's company commander, Captain Charles Lewellen, in his office. (Getting there wasn't so simple, largely because the combination of Army abbreviations and Southern dialect made it impossible to easily understand directions. It took nearly one precious hour to travel the scant two

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or three miles to Lewellen's office.)

Lewellen had a broad smile for me when I announced I was a journalist. It faded when I said I was looking for Bill Calley. He, too, quickly grabbed for the telephone and asked for some colonel. He explained that he wasn't authorized to speak about Calley. Was the lieutenant still in his company? "I can't tell you anything," the captain said. I knew I was finally getting close. Calley was around. I quickly walked out, not wanting to meet up with any colonels—yet. Lewellen hung up and followed me outside the barracks (a standard three-story concrete and steel Army structure of the type that replaced the World War II prefabs). He grabbed my arm and said, almost conspiratorially: "Look, give me a break. I'm just a captain trying to mind my own business. If you've got any questions about Calley, take them someplace else." (Six months later, I learned that Lewellen had been in the same brigade as Calley at the time of Mylai 4, and had made an extensive tape recording of all the radio messages during the assault by Calley's unit, Charlie Company. The tape, made not in expectation of the slaughter, but because of Lewellen's interest in recording the sounds of combat, was later described by one officer who heard it as an "instant replay" of the massacre. But Lewellen delayed turning over his tape to Fort Benning's JAG office and, in fact, had done so only two months before I dropped in on him—almost eighteen months after the assault.)

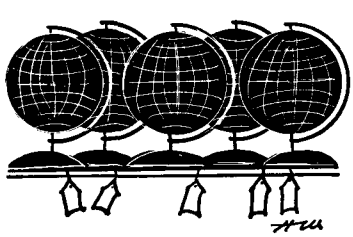
The captain's advice only made me bolder. The closer I got to Calley, the more chances I would take. I waited for Lewellen to walk back into the barracks and then followed, only dodging past his office and up the stairs that led to the empty sleeping quarters above. The trainees were out in the field. I walked through corridor after corridor of empty beds. I was sure the Army was keeping Calley penned up somewhere in the barracks. On the third floor, I saw a young GI sleeping in a bunk. I walked over and kicked the bed. "Wake up, Calley." A blond youth rolled over, yawned, and said, "What the hell, man?" The name tag on his fatigues said something like Petri. He, it turned out, was from Ottumwa, Iowa, a National Guardsman serving his compulsory six months of active duty at Fort Benning. The Army had lost his files, so he was spending his days in bed. "Been in the God-damned Army for three-and-a-half months, and all I do is sleep," the GI said. We began talking. He'd heard a little bit about Calley: "You mean that guy that killed all those people?" But Calley hadn't been around, and my new-found friend had no idea where he could be found. But he did have a friend who worked in the message center of the battalion sorting most of the mail. The friend, Jerry, had just been busted from sergeant to private the day before; he might be in the mood to help. By now it was nearly 4 p.m., and the working day was almost over. Would the GI lead me to his friend? Nope. He didn't want to get involved. But I knew how to handle that. I said, as rapidly as possible: "Look. It's 3:35. Synchronize our watches, and I'll meet you behind the barracks in exactly seven minutes—at 3:42. I'll be driving a blue Ford and will pick you up as soon as you get out the door. No one will see." Without giving him a chance to protest, I dashed off to my car. I knew that any kid who had been sleeping for three-and-a-half months wouldn't pass up any kind of action. He showed up at 3:42 on the dot and led me to the battalion message center.

The busted private was working in a small, run-down former barracks converted into a mail room. I left my car, motor running, in the parking lot directly in front of it, grabbed my brief case, straightened my tie, and walked in. "I want to see Jerry outside in my car in two minutes flat," I said crisply and angrily to the first sergeant sitting nearby. The sergeant giggled happily (one could hear him thinking: "What has that dumb son of a bitch done now?") and went off. I walked back to my car, and two minutes later Jerry appeared, looking apprehensive. I motioned him inside, and told him whom and what I wanted. Gee, he was sorry, but he didn't know anything much about Calley. In fact, there was a big batch of undelivered mail waiting for the lieutenant now. Calley had been around, the ex-sergeant said, but no one knew where he was now. The only way Jerry could find out anything would be to steal Calley's personnel file. There was a long pause.

"Well?" I said.

"I'll try, Mister."

In less than five minutes he returned with a short information sheet the battalion commander kept on each officer. The sheet included a local address in Columbus for Calley. By now it was after working hours—nearly 5 p.m.—and again I raced off. The address turned out to be a small house Calley and a number of other young officers had rented in a residential area near Fort Benning. As I drove up, some officers were climbing out of a car in the driveway. I parked behind them and again simply explained who I was and what I wanted. After some hesitation, the officers—angry at what they considered the mistreatment of Calley—told me what they knew.



As they described it, Calley had not deliberately killed any civilians that day, but large numbers had been slain during a bitter battle with the Vietcong who were defending Mylai 4 (known to the officers only as "Pinkville"). Calley had been ordered by the Army out of the house in mid-September, they said, and told to live on base in the senior bachelor officers' quarters located near some tennis courts. I sped again to Fort Benning and again checked the roster at the officers' quarters. No Calley. So I drove over to the senior bachelor officers' quarters—by now it was 7 p.m.—and was generally discouraged by what I saw. There were five two-story buildings, each with about fifty rooms. Calley's former roommates had never visited him there and had no idea—so they said—in which room he was billeted. So I did the inevitable. Beginning with the first building, I walked through the maze, knocking on each door and saying brightly with each knock, "Hey, Bill, are you in?" I did this for the next hour or two, finding only a few officers inside and no sign of Calley. Again, I was at the end of my wits, but I wasn't about to quit. If need be, I thought, I'd stay at Benning and knock on these doors for weeks.

Rather than go to a motel, I decided to continue the search at the nearby large parking area for officers' cars. I spent about an hour there, stopping each auto as it drove in, saying, "Hey, I'm looking for Bill Calley. You seen him?" No luck. By now it was nearly 10 p.m. I decided to go back to my car and get off the base. Two men were tinkering with the motor of an auto in a far corner of the parking lot; I had not seen them earlier. One last try: "Hey, you guys seen Bill Calley?" "Yeah. He's up in 221," one of them answered, without lifting his head. Long pause. "Um, which building?" Now he turned and gave me a sharp look. Again I explained I was a journalist and told why I wanted to talk to Calley ("To give him a chance to tell his side, if he wants"). The officer invited me into his room for a drink of Scotch. He was a twenty-year veteran of the Army, a guy who had joined up at the age of seventeen and was now beginning to have some doubts about Vietnam. Not that he was a peacenik

Answer to Wit Twister, page 27: prod, dorp, drop.

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or troublemaker; he just wasn't sure where the Army—and he—were headed. He wanted to complain to a reporter from Washington.

We drank for an hour, and I did most of the talking, telling him about my visit to attorney Latimer and my search for the lieutenant. The officer, of course, eventually began telling me what he knew. He and Calley were friends and drank together. Calley was probably going to be at a party later that night in town; would I want to come? I sure would. More drinks, and finally we walked out together. Once outside, I was anxious to go and get some sleep, but the officer suddenly yelled to a slight figure walking toward us, "Hey, Rusty, come over here." "Look, I gotta go," I said, wanting no more drinks at that moment. "Wait. That's Calley."

In my book, I've described my impressions of the lieutenant in the following way:

> Calley was apprehensive. All he wanted in life was to stay in the Army and be a good soldier. He reminded me of an earnest freshman one might find at an agricultural college, anxious about making a fraternity. We went to a party at a friend's apartment and had some drinks. I wanted to leave. Calley wanted me to stay. He knew what was coming, and he knew I was the last reporter with whom he would talk, and drink, for many months. He told me, that evening, a little bit about the operation; he also told me how many people he had been accused of killing.

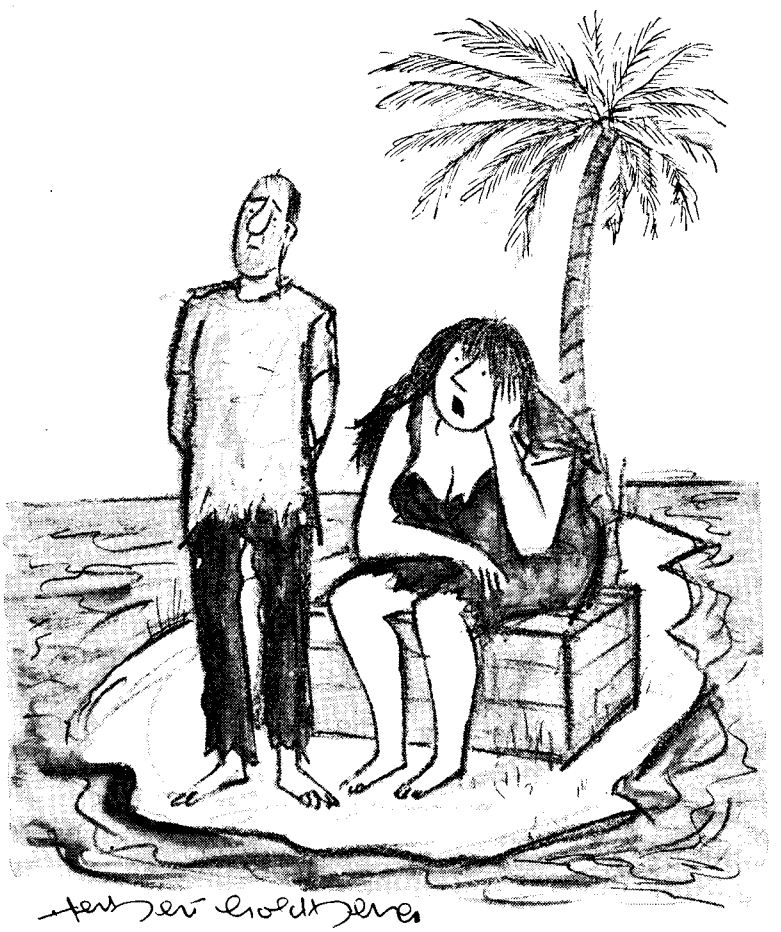
We sat in his room for an hour or so drinking beer. As he talked, I took notes, even jotting down the number of his telephone. He took a shower, and I remember staring at his nude body as he toweled and thinking, "This is the man who shot and killed 109 people." Hell, he was nice. We went out together and drove to the Post Exchange, where Calley bought some bourbon and wine; then we drove to a food store and picked up a steak. Our next stop was his girl's apartment nearby; she cooked us a great dinner. It could have been a night with any old friend.

Calley clinched the Mylai story for me, although I would write about the massacre at first as having taken place in a location called "Pinkville" (actually just an Army map coloring that showed a high population density in the area of Mylai). He had confirmed the essential numbers of the story and provided some essential quotes. I wrote the 1,500-word story—first of five I was to write about Mylai 4—on the airplane going back to Washington the next morning. It began: "Lt. William L. Calley, Jr., twenty-six, is a mild-mannered, boyish-looking Vietnam combat veteran with the nickname of 'Rusty.' The Army says he deliberately murdered at least 109 Vietnamese civilians during a search-and-destroy mission in March 1968, in a Vietcong stronghold known as 'Pinkville.'"

If *Life* or *Look* wouldn't have the story, a small syndicate known as Dispatch News Service would. Run by David Obst, a twenty-four-year-old neighbor of mine in Washington, Dispatch had been placing stories in West Coast newspapers from a small group of correspondents in Vietnam and elsewhere in Asia. Obst, who had moved East to drum up more business a few months earlier, convinced me not so much that he could do anything with the Mylai 4 story, but that he would try. At least the editors would get a chance to read my story, I thought, and perhaps assign someone to check it out. My newspaper experience paid off in this regard, because I knew the only person the reporters would be able to contact would be Latimer, Calley's attorney. The Pentagon would not comment, and Calley was unreachable (unless someone wanted to fly down to Fort Benning and try to find him). So I took the unusual step after reaching Washington of calling Latimer and reading my entire story to him. This normally is a frowned-upon practice in journalism and rightly so, but I knew two things would impress Latimer: the fact that the story was written objectively (all my years with the Associated Press had given me that ability); and the fact that none of the quotes I had from Calley involved specifics about what he had or had not done that day. To this day, I have not written all that Calley told me; he is entitled to make his own defense at a time of his choosing.

Latimer made one helpful addition to my story and, most importantly, stood behind it when the inevitable flood of newspaper calls came the next day. Dispatch had sent the story by wire (collect, no less) to about fifty major newspapers; thirty-six of them purchased it for $100 and ran it on their front page on November 13, 1969, and sent the publishing world scrambling.

The story was out. I would later spend almost five months on the road, interviewing more than fifty of the GIs who were with Calley on that day in March 1968, writing more newspaper stories and my book. Throughout it all, whenever things got hectic and disappointing, I would simply remember that day at Fort Benning when I tracked down William Calley. I'll remember it the rest of my life.



"I wonder whether anyone's using my Diner's Club card."

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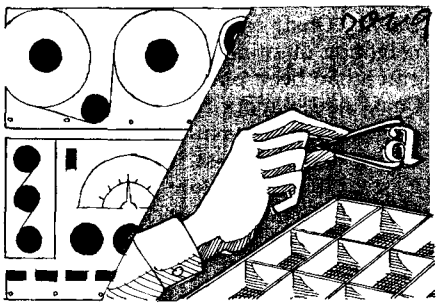
Automation's Armageddon

by A. H. RASKIN



When President Nixon's new Productivity Commission begins looking for places to combat inflation through increased industrial efficiency, it will be well-advised to head straight for the composing rooms of New York City's three daily newspapers.

Technologically, these survivors in a labor-management jungle that has provided an eight-year demonstration of how to commit suicide via the bargaining table are just about where they were when Ottmar Mergenthaler invented the Linotype machine in 1884. By contrast with papers a tenth their size and distinction, some of which are nearing the end of a decade of computerized typesetting, the colossi of journalism in the nation's communications capital are only a few steps removed from the Gutenberg Bible.

While *The New York Times*, the *News*, and the *Post* limp along with composing rooms in which the ghosts of their founders would feel nostalgic, the tiny Beloit (Wisconsin) *Daily News* —circulation 24,000—has moved into its third generation of automated composition. It has become the first American newspaper with a completely computer-controlled composition system for both news and advertising. Phototypesetters, special fast-action keyboards for punching tape, page make-up consoles, and a three-layer conveyer unit for automatic movement of material to editorial and business offices are all parts of the system—one so efficient that the computer does double duty as long-distance production controller for a smaller sister paper, the DeKalb (Illinois) *Daily Chronicle*, which has phototypesetters and special keyboards of its own.

At Beloit, the wire service editor is spared the drudgery of plowing through bales of press association and syndicate copy, with their endless mazes of updates and corrections. He calls up the story he needs from the computer's storage and retrieval unit, writes the headline, and then tells the computer how many paragraphs he wants set, what column width, what type size, and anything else a printer would have to know. Soon he will be doing it all from a typesetting keyboard beside his desk.

On classified advertisements, the ad clerks do all the composing at the same time they take the original copy over the phone. After that, the computer monitors everything from proofreading to making sure that ads appear in the proper order and that they stop appearing when the order runs out. Needless to add, the electronic watchdog also gets the charge figures to the billing office so the customer won't feel neglected. The computer is proving similarly versatile in getting hands-off elements into every other part of the Beloit operation.

Beloit is obviously no counterpart of New York, but at the Los Angeles *Times*, the Miami *Herald*, and many other big-city newspapers almost equally revolutionary results are being achieved through automated printing technology. Persuasive demonstrations at Brown University and MIT have already shown that it will soon be practical to link up computers, TV-like screens, and light pencils to edit copy photoelectrically at speeds far faster than any conventional method. From there it is only a laser-beam throw to printing methods that will go direct from a reporter's copy to the press, or that will by-pass even that necessity and convert the home television set into a vehicle for dialing in the newspaper whenever the family wants to read anything in it.

On that basis, one would suppose that the labor-management problem in New York would revolve around whether the publishers wanted to retain a composing room at all. But no one is close to raising that question. For reasons that made little sense at the time (and that make even less in retrospect), the publishers decided five years ago to give "Big Six," the New York local of the International Typographical Union, a veto over automation. ["The Great Manhattan Newspaper Duel," *SR*, May 8, 1965.] That veto is still being exercised to keep the computer out of all New York newspaper composing rooms, even though the number of city-wide dailies shrank from seven to three in four years and the survivors have just signed the most expensive union agreement in their history—one that not only brought no letdown of the barriers to technological advance but that kept intact such ancient abominations as bogus. This is the practice under which all local display ads that come into the shop ready for use must be later copied exactly, proofread, and thrown away unused.

Perhaps the strangest aspect of this dismal outcome is that the men who do the bargaining on both sides are high-grade practitioners, not stumblebums lacking in either expertise or sensitivity. That would have been difficult to say with much confidence when the first printers' strike in this century dragged on for 114 days in 1962-63. On the contrary, the best judgment then was the one expressed by former Mayor Robert F. Wagner after wet-nursing the publishers and all ten newspaper unions through interminable weeks of Late Late Shows at City Hall. His verdict: "Both sides deserve each other."

Now, however, all the key negotiators and the mediators working with them are charter members of the Collective Bargaining Institute and the Automation Foundation. The publishers had their fill of all-out warfare during the 114-day strike. They switched to divide-and-conquer tactics in an attempt to split the union front two years later. The disastrousness of both experiences made the employers decide it was worth a try to concentrate on building up constructive relationships on that most classic of bedrocks, the fostering of a sense of security on the union side. To be sure, the *News* remains more hawkish than the *Times*; the *Post* usually seeks out a safe seat on the sidelines. But the main effort of all three these days is to persuade the unions that the papers want to live at peace on a basis that will keep both the unions and the industry strong.

The pacesetter for the unions—Bert Powers, president of Big Six—is by all odds the most intelligent of the labor leaders the publishers have to deal with, a man whose talents are matched only by his arbitrariness at the bargaining table. Peculiarly enough, in the light of the antediluvian conditions he insists on perpetuating in newspaper composing rooms, Powers is also the most automation-minded of the news unionists.

A few days after this year's contract talks had ended with the door still locked tight against automation or any intermediate step to enhance productivity, I asked the man with the key in his pocket how long he felt the industry could go on that way. His answer was unhesitating.

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"Automation is the number one challenge facing the newspapers," said Powers. "The longer we go without a solution to the problems it presents, the harder it will be for both of us. It would be suicidal not to automate. Our members understand that; they are not stupid and they are not Luddites. I know that I have to find a solution for our mutual benefit, or the roof will fall in on all of us."

To discover why, with such splendid characters on both sides of the table, things invariably turn out so badly, it might be instructive to take a closer look at the 1970 bargaining and some of the factors surrounding it.

Powers had preselected the *Times* as his special dragon for slaughter this year, not because he felt it was especially bloodthirsty but because he was sure it wasn't. The *Times* goes into negotiations with the avoidance of a strike as its primary goal. Its feelings on that score far transcend the normal hope of every employer that he can get a contract without having to shut down.

For the *Times*, coming out every day is a matter of journalistic obligation. It has a feeling (one I fully share) that nothing really happens unless it is recorded in the *Times*. Call it delusions of grandeur, call it compulsiveness, call it a duty to history and to the satisfaction of the reader's right to know. Even Spiro Agnew would be at a loss for things to inveigh against if the *Times* stopped publishing. Past strikes have taught us the lugubrious lesson that somehow the world can keep spinning when there is no *Times*, but that doesn't lessen our belief that it shouldn't have to.

That kind of itch to publish is a poor armor to carry into negotiations with Powers. His worst defect is that he was transfixed as a small boy by a vision of John L. Lewis smiting the coal barons. He is convinced that muscle is the only thing that counts in labor relations. The other foundation stone in his leadership credo is that you never can really trust a boss.

A few weeks before the March 30 contract expiration, Powers was immortalized in a *New Yorker* profile, in which he summarized his opinion of the publishers in the single word "arrogant." On the basis of what transpired, "meek" might have been closer to the mark. Powers's own approach was never in doubt. He told his profiler, Geoffrey T. Hellman, that he could hardly wait for the contract deadline. "That midnight," he said, "we'll take out the lead pipe, unwrap it, and beat the publishers over the head. We'll try not to kill them."

In the forty-eight hours before the old contract ran out, usually the most frenzied part of any negotiation, Powers refused even to talk to the management representatives. He explained that he did not feel they were "psyched up" enough, and would not be until there was a lot of their blood on the floor. The Powers lead pipe, not unexpectedly, took the form of making the *Times* unhappy host to the Big Six version of the Woodstock rock festival: a series of chapel meetings that kept getting steadily longer for seven weeks until the printers were devoting nineteen hours a day to prayer—all at the publisher's expense. Another hour was dedicated to paid lunch time, by way of adding body to their soul. While these obeisances to the spirit of Gutenberg went forward (or backward), the *Times* clung to its resolve to keep publishing as long as there was any way of doing so without a total sacrifice of quality and completeness.

One reason the paper could keep on was that the printers, in the hour or so a shift they were on the job, performed at a pace that would have delighted any whipcracking efficiency expert. Another was that the union eased up on its own skullcracker by authorizing its members to put in "normal overtime" at premium pay during the chapel meetings. It went a step further along the same line by relaxing the customary time limit for bogus reproduction, thus letting 18,000 hours of throwaway work accumulate for performance under the higher rates established by the new agreement. But, despite all these dispensations, the *Times* found its editions getting thinner and more riddled with typographical errors; each day made it harder for readers to be certain they were reading the *Times* and not *Il Progresso* or the Jewish daily *Forward*.

When the squeeze approached the point of utter intolerability, the *Times* management decided to force a showdown by setting a deadline for suspending operations. For nearly three weeks before that ultimatum Powers had been "frozen in concrete" on a demand for a wage increase of 15 per cent the first year and 12 per cent more in each of the subsequent years covered by the contract. The *Times* shutdown threat produced a "compromise," a reluctant agreement by Powers to shave 1 per cent off the second and third year figures. Even that modest retreat might never have come had the parent ITU not reacted coldly to the idea of supplying $90,000 a week in strike benefits to keep the concrete unbroken around Powers's feet.

As it is, the pact will bring the day-shift scale up from the former weekly rate of $184.43 to $261.32 by 1972, plus some substantial improvements in pension and fringe benefits. If the old Kennedy-Johnson guideposts had not been bowled over long ago, and if the Nixon Administration were doing its proper job of holding the overall price line

"Your royal command has been obeyed, Highness. Every town crier in the land is crying: 'Ole King Cole is a merry ole soul.' Before nightfall we'll have them all believing it."

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steady, a noninflationary agreement would have called for a package less than a quarter the size of the one the *Times* settled for.

Not that the *Times* is in any imminent danger of bankruptcy. It promptly passed the bill on to its readers by raising the price of the daily paper from a dime to 15 cents, and announced that advertisers were in for a big raise, too. Indeed, all three of the New York newspaper publishers are still doing quite nicely in the privileged sanctuaries created for them by the demise of their competition. As Powers never fails to remind them at the start of his triennial share-the-wealth campaign, "You owe your prosperity to me."

But that prosperity is bound to erode unless New York is allowed to follow the rest of the country into the automation age. The most dismaying episode in the relationship with Big Six was the collapse last December of the one genuinely constructive joint initiative ever to come out of the ice pack. Powers and the publishers had worked for months on evolving a manpower stabilization agreement that was frankly intended as a steppingstone toward automation. Its goal was to end a shape-up hiring system that made employment decidedly irregular for several hundred printers working as composing room substitutes. Both sides exercised uncommon ingenuity in devising a formula for leveling out job peaks and valleys so that everybody, regulars and substitutes alike, would be assured of a full week's work. Obviously, such stability was an essential first step toward the job guarantees that would have to accompany the introduction of computerized typesetting.

When all the safeguards had been provided for every worker's equity, the plan was put up to the rank and file with Powers's unequivocal endorsement. An opposition group in the local promptly denounced it as a sellout, and it was voted down by a margin of only two votes, with the great majority of printers not bothering to vote at all.

Powers acknowledges that part of the explanation lies in his failure to do an adequate sales job, but the second part of his explanation is more revealing—and more depressing: "When I come back with an agreement like this, my members say, 'Did the employer accept this? If he did, there must be something wrong with it.' They don't trust the employer. And I don't blame them. I don't trust the employer either."

The point of all this is not to suggest that when Gay Talese wrote his best seller about the *Times* he should have titled it "The Kingdom and the Powers," instead of *The Kingdom and the Power*. Rather, it is to underscore the extent to which atavistic hatreds block even the slightest headway in a field Powers freely concedes is indispensable to newspaper survival.

"The publishers need to be dragged kicking and screaming to their best offer," is Powers's philosophy. It is the philosophy of the barricades, made more compelling by the publishers' knowledge that when he talks of strikes he does not consider them worthy of the name if they last less than two or three months. He refers to the New York Newspaper Guild's walkout at the *Times* in 1965 as "that short strike." It went on a mere twenty-four days.

The spirit is infectious. The head of every other newspaper union has to demonstrate to his members that he is not content to follow docilely in Powers's wake. Each must wring some special gimmick out of the publishers, even if it takes quickie strikes or slowdowns to achieve it. And the pattern set with Powers virtually insures that the flow will be all one-way, getting without giving.

The New York publishers are no angels, but they have an understandable reluctance to become corpses. The productivity gains and the improvements in news handling that composing room automation would bring are vital to their forward progress in an era in which changes in communications technology are coming so fast that there may be no newspaper of tomorrow if the newspaper of today remains chained to fossilized printing methods.

Powers, his prestige among his members at an all-time high as a result of the fat package he has delivered, is in an admirable position to unlock the door. He has eloquently articulated the need. But the men who have sat across from him in negotiations have little expectation that the brave words will be followed by action—or, if they are, that the price Powers sets will leave any worthwhile incentive for automating.

Maybe the only thing one ever learns in labor relations is that, in a world of frenetic change, this is the place where things change least. While this year's bargaining with the printers was at its most frustrating, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of the *Times*, came upon a letter written in September 1932 by his grandfather, Adolph S. Ochs.

"The Typographical Union, as controlled and conducted," said Ochs, "is a menace to the printing trade and particularly to newspapers. We are simply nursing a viper in our bosom. If they would only do something to promote efficiency and competency, we could put up with some of their arbitrary and unjust regulations, but they seem to have only one purpose and that is to extort the last drop of blood."

It would be no trick to find newspaper executives ready to sign that same letter today. Atavistic hatred is not a Powers monopoly, but it is a luxury neither side can afford when cathode-ray terminals, electron guns, and all the panoply of science fiction are rendering traditional composing room practices obsolete. Labor relations is going to have to join technology on the far horizon of seized opportunity or find itself obsolete, too.

"Yes, that was my mating call, but let's just skip it this time."

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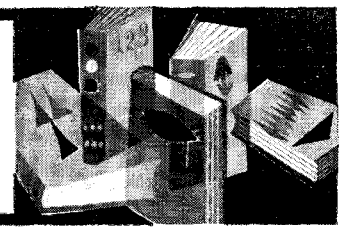
Books in Communications



Early Lippmann

The early Lippmann is on view in *Early Writings* (Liveright, $7.50), a collection of the short pieces Walter Lippmann wrote for *The New Republic* from 1914 to 1920 when he was just out of Harvard and still under thirty. This is a different Lippmann, in some respects, from the known philosopher of later years, but the book reveals how early an astonishingly acute observer of the political scene was formed and how quickly his influence must have been felt, even unto the White House.

There is nothing of the journalistic curiosity in these carefully selected pieces put together by *The New Republic*'s editor-in-chief Gilbert A. Harrison and annotated by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. We are not being served cobwebbed political issues and forgotten heroes and villains. The uncanny timelessness of inspired political journalism is evident on almost every page.

Young Lippmann wrote penetratingly of the major political figures, describing their warts and deformities with a particularity and pungency that are edited out of the later Lippmann. The essay on Harding begins, "If an optimist is a man who makes lemonade out of all the lemons that are handed to him, then Senator Harding is the greatest of all optimists." To modern political pundits, particularly of *The Village Voice* school, Lippmann offers a lesson on how to be incisive without being ill-tempered and insulting. Lippmann builds a magnificent defense of Brandeis when the Justice was under attack. He traces Wilson's reluctant relinquishment of idealism in favor of the uses of political patronage in order to lead his party in 1916. He analyzes the "political sense" of McAdoo: "He knows not only what the owners of votes are thinking now, but what they will be excited about a few weeks from now."

The book is fascinating for what it says about equivalent figures and issues today. One is constantly surprised by the intrusion of the present into the past. Here, in the context of 1914 when war is the "one activity that men really plan for passionately on a national scale," is an essay on the ordering of national priorities. Here, in the metaphor of Wilson's 1914 intervention in Vera Cruz, is the folly of Vietnam. An analysis of the judicial temperament of Charles Evans Hughes and his aversion to politics in 1916 illuminates the understandable reluctance of Arthur Goldberg to take the plunge in state politics in 1970. And both were similarly motivated to do so—the one to unite the Republican Party in the nation, the other the Democratic Party in his state.

Perhaps the parallelism can be strained too far. Yet in this enormously readable collection the Lippmann of the early years seems to be writing for that day and for ours, for today and tomorrow.

The Omnipresent Reporter: One can hang around the backstage of Broadway theaters watching rehearsals endlessly without observing anything of real dramatic interest among the principals involved. But Gay Talese is the most patient, observing, and penetrating of reporters. When he is on the scene, sooner or later, the director and the star will erupt in a titanic quarrel as Joshua Logan and Claudia McNeil do in "The Soft Psyche of Joshua Logan." In *Fame and Obscurity*, a collection of portraits by Gay Talese (World, $7.95), mostly from *Esquire*, the dramatic moment usually comes. Or its nonoccurrence, as in the moody, sympathetic portrait of the post-Marilyn Monroe Joe DiMaggio in "The Silent Season of a Hero," is the point of the story.

In this superb collection, Talese follows Frank Sinatra cutting a record, the beaten Floyd Patterson dealing uncertainly with some boys who have been teasing his daughter in school, Frank Costello, Joe Louis, and Alden Whitman dealing with the ultimate deadline as the chief obituary writer of *The New York Times*. Employing some trick of mental acrobatics, Talese somehow gets inside the life of his subjects, writing from within the shell of their existence. In his long piece on the building of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, standing out more vividly than the tall towers of the world's largest suspension span, are the swarm of people who built it or were affected by its building—the boomers, the dispossessed residents of Bay Ridge, the daredevil Indian rivet gangs driving Cadillacs up to Canada on Friday nights to visit their wives.

Talese finds meaning in the lives of the obscure, meaninglessness in fame. His sure handling of color and feeling and happening in every story is one of the most interesting feats in today's journalism.

In the Naked Vein: The idea originated with *Newsday* columnist Mike McGrady: the cooperative authorship by twenty-four newspaper colleagues of a bad dirty book in the manner of Jacqueline Susann. Now, in *Stranger than Naked or How to Write Dirty Books for Fun & Profit* (Wyden, $5.95), he relates just how *Naked Came the Stranger* by Penelope Ashe came about, down to the last perversion. In the process another facet of a publishing syndrome he professes to deplore comes to light: how a book can breed a book. In this case the offspring is funny and candid, and of questionable utility.

McGrady reveals a lot of the inside thinking of what he labels the BM (for Big Money) book publishing racket practiced so expertly by Lyle Stuart and Bernard Geis. After the spoof of the dirty best seller, I'm not sure McGrady hasn't come up with a parody of a book in the how-to genre. With its liberal quotations from the text, McGrady's handbook can be said to provide one great timesaver: If you read it, you won't need to read *Naked Came the Stranger*.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1404

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1404 will be found in the next issue.

. . . KWH RVJFZX ELF PW TISW

OJKKJEAYR RI PWLS RVLF

RVW JFOJZWXRJIF IK RVW

SJEV.

—WSJE ZJYY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1403

I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy. —SAMUEL BUTLER.

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Recruiting in the Inner City

by JOHN TEBBEL

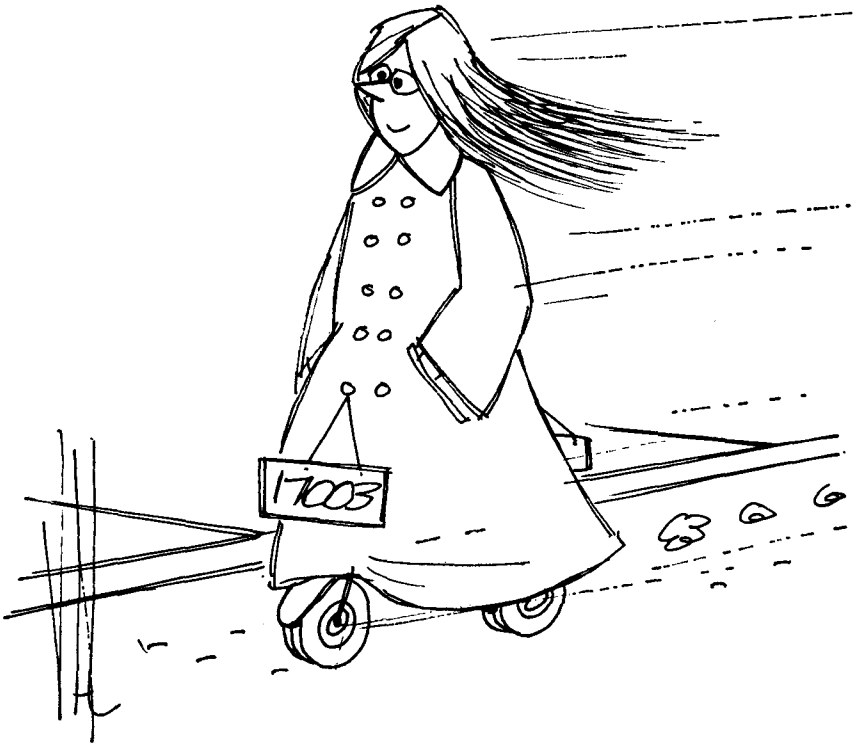
One of the many problems currently confronting the newspaper business is how to help black communities put more Negroes to work in the media, while at the same time overcoming hostility toward the press that is particularly evident in the big city ghettos. Several kinds of recruiting programs are under way, bringing with them in some cases new sets of problems and frustrations. As for the hostility, it is so deep-seated and complex that publishers have scarcely begun to find ways of diminishing it.

A bold program that attempts to accomplish both objectives at the level where help is needed most—among high school students in the inner cities—began last month in twelve communities or areas of the nation, under the sponsorship of forty-six newspapers and eleven schools. These Urban Journalism Workshops, as they are called, expect to enroll at least 250 potential journalists, most of them black or from other minority groups.

The idea is not new, but during this crucial summer it is operating on a national level and already shows promise of surpassing even the highest hopes of its originators, the Newspaper Fund, which is the philanthropic arm of Dow Jones & Company, Inc. The fund began modestly two years ago by financing a single program in Washington, D.C. That program was successful enough to justify four others last year, and now, with a dozen workshops going into action this month, the prospect is for increasing national extension of the experiment.

This summer's workshops will operate in coastal Connecticut, Detroit, Indiana, central New Jersey, Milwaukee, Ohio, Pittsburgh, Riverside (California), Rochester (New York), San Francisco-Oakland, St. Petersburg-Tampa, and Washington, D.C.

The program strikes at the heart of the recruiting and hostility problems. Newspaper Fund studies show that inner-city high school students are not going on to study journalism in college because few of their schools have journalism courses or active newspapers, and because the newspaper business itself has not succeeded in communicating the idea that minority recruits from the ghettos would be welcomed.



Workshop leaders have since learned something else: Many black students in mixed high schools are afraid to try for jobs on white-dominated student newspapers. If the blacks have no resources to start their own, they consign journalism, student and otherwise, to Whitey's domain and make no attempt to find careers for themselves in the business. That, of course, only aggravates their hostility toward the press.

The formidable job confronting workshop leaders is exemplified by the case of Sherry Schlosser, an English teacher and journalism adviser in the Scotch Plains-Fanwood High School. She is beginning her second year with the central New Jersey program, which is jointly sponsored by Middlesex County College and the Plainfield *Courier-News*, a Gannett newspaper. Miss Schlosser, who is very small, very blonde, and very pretty, found herself last year in her first workshop program confronting eighteen black students, most of them from the tenth and eleventh grades, who knew nothing whatever about journalism. She had expert help from a faculty of professionals, but nevertheless her task was, as they say in education circles, challenging. By the end of the four-week session, most of the students were in love with their teacher, and they had learned enough to produce a creditable tabloid newspaper of their own, *The Awakener*.

They learned to do by doing—photography, reporting, writing, editing, and make-up—and absorbed more than most high school journalism courses offer. A half-dozen of the students declared they were going to work for their school paper when they returned in the fall, and at least two definitely decided on careers in journalism.

It was not, as one might expect, all sweetness and light. Half the students came from the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and their interest was in making money, not primarily in studying journalism. Some of them went on to jobs after the workshop ended in the afternoon. They comprised most of the students who appeared in the post-workshop evaluations as "talking and fooling around."

For the others, however, it was an extraordinary experience. Over and over, the students told Miss Schlosser how much the opportunity meant to them, and how they enjoyed working without the pressures of ordinary school, doing something for themselves, and learning to improve themselves without the need to achieve grades to satisfy parents and teachers.

There were no tensions in the class, although Miss Schlosser describes her-

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self as "a typical WASP," the kind of white that blacks are most likely to resent. In fact, *The Awakener* was designed by the students not as a black paper, but for all people, black or white. The result was a lessening of antagonism toward whites in general, and a distinct lowering of hostility toward the press as the students began to understand how a newspaper was put together, and what went into the writing of stories. They were better able to read and understand newspapers, too, taking a professional delight in analyzing the play of stories in the press and the way they were written.

Among the other tangible results of the session was the hiring of one girl to be a student assistant in this summer's program and the granting of scholarships to two other students for the Blair Summer School of Journalism. All this, says Miss Schlosser, was more exciting for her than being named High School Teacher of the Year for Central New Jersey.

This year's program will have no Youth Corps students, and most of the fifteen students will be sophomores, ranging in age from fifteen to seventeen. They have been chosen on the basis of their interest, a small writing sample, an interview, and the recommendations of their teachers. To supplement their practical study, they will work with several visiting professionals, among them three black practitioners of the craft: James Sermons, public relations director of Ethicon, Inc.; Arthur Sears, Jr., a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter; and Malvin R. Goode, U.N. correspondent for the American Broadcasting Company.

As early as the second day, the students begin thinking about topics for news stories and discussing staff positions on the workshop newspaper. Under the guidance of John Curley, editor of the *Courier-News*, they get a short course on the third day on the nature of the news story and how to write it, with selection of the staff made afterward. Other professionals continue to guide them, drawn from the *Courier-News* staff and from New York sources. The second week includes a tour of the United Nations, and the third week lists a visit to the *Courier-News*. During the fourth week, the newspaper the class has been producing is completed, and all the students are given a field trip to the printing plant. On the next to last day, the class discusses newspaper distribution and listens to a speaker on opportunities for scholarships and employment. A luncheon and the distribution of certificates end the workshop on the final day.

Sponsors of the workshops cite their budgets as proof that a great deal of good can be accomplished with relatively little money. The entire program for the nation will cost no more than $18,600 this year, and the Central New Jersey Workshop is budgeted at a mere $3,800, a pittance compared with most ghetto programs. Half the money comes from the sponsoring newspapers, the remainder in a matching grant from the Newspaper Fund.

One of the twelve programs this year is more ambitious, and indicates the possibilities of the idea. In Riverside the workshop will last all summer, and under the direction of Norman Cherniss, editor of the Riverside *Press-Enterprise*, will attempt to create a new newspaper for the black and Mexican-American community.

Some of the nation's largest and best-known newspapers are involved in this year's Urban Journalism Workshops, among them the *Free Press* and the *News*, in Detroit; the *Star* and the *News*, in Indianapolis; the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; the Milwaukee *Journal*; the *Plain Dealer* and the *Press*, in Cleveland; the *Press* and the *Post-Gazette*, in Pittsburgh; the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, in San Francisco; and the *Post* and *Evening Star*, in Washington. But the program would not be possible without the support of the smaller dailies, such as the *Courier-News*, that have seen beyond the needs of their own communities and realized that the problems of the minorities in the big cities are also their problems.

Not the least of the dividends is the personal feeling of satisfaction and worth the students get from what they do in the workshops. To feel that he is important, that he has turned out something of value, and that it is something he can give to others, is a significant experience in the life of an inner-city child.

Even for those who do not go on into journalism—and one presumes this may be a majority—the benefits are great. They learn what skills are needed to produce a newspaper, and they learn the importance of improving their own ability to communicate. From this experience comes the larger realization, that the search for truth is often difficult because the truth is so elusive. In the end, they are not only better readers of newspapers but more understanding of the complicated world in which we all live.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Ek, *Moby Dick*; 2Al; 3Lj, *Of Human Bondage*; 4Ih, *Magic Mountain*; 5Jc, *The Sound and the Fury*; 6Kg, *Light That Failed*; 7Ba, *Peter Pan*; 8Ci, *Memoirs of a Midget*; 9Fd, *Lord of the Flies*; 10 Db, *Idiot*; 11 Ge; 12Hf, *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Booked for Travel

Continued from page 41

and go to the country on weekends. In West Berlin, the people are pretty much driven to the center of town, so the action seems even greater than it is.

"The wall," he went on, "may be an ugly thing, but it's wrong to assume that everyone on the Eastern side is dying a spiritual death. People forget the good aspects of life over here: job security, social services, and, probably best of all, culture."

The Berliner Ensemble launched by Bertolt Brecht and carried on by his widow has declined in recent years, but Moor said it is still regarded as the best repertory theater company in the world. Berlin's Comic Opera likewise has few peers. "It isn't for those people who want the big, opulent performances they'd see at the Met or La Scala, but it demands actors and singers no less gifted." The Comic Opera, directed by the masterful Walter Felsenstein, a close friend of Moor's, has already begun to rehearse for a December opening of *Fiddler on the Roof*. "I am sure," said Moor, "it will be the *Fiddler* to end them all."

Visitors to West Berlin can avail themselves of opera and theater tickets with relative ease by catching the elevated to the first stop on the Eastern side of the wall and walking a few strides to a small ticket agency. This agent is not interested in combing passports and visas; he's more eager to rake in West German marks, and for that reason, patrons from beyond the wall rate better seats.

One of the more arresting sights in East Berlin is the changing of the guard at the Neue Wache, an early-nineteenth-century temple-like shrine that held a monument to the Unknown Soldier during the Third Reich and has since been converted to a memorial to the "Victims of Fascism and Militarism." Two East German soldiers rigidly stand watch before the shrine. On a signal they stalk forward in a resounding goose-step, their high boots thudding

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against the pavement, while another goose-stepping twosome moves into place. Tourists await the event with flashbulbs at the ready, firing into the soldiers' impassive faces.

The center of East Berlin continues to grow concrete pillars faster than Waikiki. Moor himself was astounded at the building pace since his last visit. "All this," he said, indicating a forest of glassy towers, "is put up by a patented Soviet technique. Each oblong slab is prefabricated, hoisted up by a crane, and stuck on with something resembling rubber cement." In the shadows of this instant modernity lurk the charred remains of prewar buildings, untouched since the Battle of Berlin. The shattered frame of the Prussian State Theater, embraced by the twin domes of bombed-out churches, awaits eventual restoration. Trees have sprouted from the broken domes, lending an aura of the supernatural.

West Berlin, at any hour of the day or night, is a carnival by contrast. Charlie stayed in the car that evening while we attended a performance by the Berlin Philharmonic, just several hundred yards through the trees and across the wall from Hitler's bunker. The building's exterior suggests to me a solidly built roller rink. The roof undulates like a shelf of the North Atlantic.

The concert was through by 9:30, leaving us a dangerously full night to taste Berlin's fabled bar and cabaret life. Most places choose either Sunday or Monday to be closed—which proved a blessing once we started to prowl. Visitors needn't stray from the Kurfürstendamm, a glittering thoroughfare that was opened by Bismarck in the 1870s and has become a magnet for the luxury trade, tourist traffic, and entertainment cycle since the division of the city. Moor, somewhat weary of the Ku-Damm, led me and Charlie to a student bar in a working-class neighborhood, where the three of us somehow slipped into place.

Berliners were still torn that week by a student demonstration the previous week against an Allied military parade—an event, Moor said, that had produced a novel tactic: police throwing rocks back at the students. Germans concede that their generation gap is wider than America's, and nowhere is this more evident than in Berlin. The isolated city doesn't have enough jobs to attract working people in their twenties and thirties, and so the chasm between young and old gapes even wider. Older Berliners—older Germans in general—seem to underscore their age by looking and acting older than they are. So often they let their faces and bodies puff up like dumplings.

Not reactionary by tradition, Berliners have nonetheless been so intimidated by the proximity of the Soviets and so enamored of the freedom they have achieved since the partition that they oppose any stirrings of the young with a hard-hat's vengeance. Those who remember the war and the nerve-racking aftermath remain grateful to the three Western occupying forces: French, British, and American. Nowhere in Europe is Yank more respected. This gratitude extends even to American tourists.

Those who overlook what the United States did for Berlin, and recognize what it is doing now in Southeast Asia and on its own streets, reserve very little warmth for Americans. I had a long talk the next morning with a twenty-six-year-old student at the Technical University who had taken part in the demonstration against the Allied forces. Heinrich Revermann has a heavy beard and the sober mien of a man far older and more experienced. His aim, he said, is to bring socialism to Germany, to convince the workers that in spite of the prosperity they are enjoying they would be better off in control of the factories.

"We try to go into the factories and talk to the workers, but we are not so good at it," Revermann told me in carefully measured English. "We are students, we are another class, and when we talk to the workers, we are like teachers." Revermann and his young colleagues do not lean toward the Soviet's system; in fact, they are members of Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party and hope to continue their work without being expelled. "No student will say that Russia has the right system," he said. "That is not socialism. In Russia, the party has the same role the capitalists have in our country."

Of the American student movement, he said he knows little. "But I know something about the Black Panthers. I wish them good luck. I think if any movement in the world has a right to fight with weapons, it is the Panthers.

"I think the feeling for the American people in Germany is becoming like what America felt for the Nazis. Nixon and his foreign policy are to blame. I can see why American politics are going wrong. Each year we get ten students from California at our university. They have no interest in politics. They just want to study in their rooms. I had a discussion in a dancing place one night with nine American girls, all elementary school teachers. I couldn't believe it. They didn't even know who de Gaulle was."

Older Berliners may express sympathy for the efforts of the young, but always they add: "They don't understand history. We are lucky to be here alive. We must not disturb the balance." Even as one middle-aged Berliner spoke the litany to me, over lunch on the Ku-Damm, he was interrupted by a series of sonic booms. Next day in the Paris *Herald Tribune*, a one-paragraph item reported that Berlin had been rocked by a dozen such explosions during the previous noon hour. Soviet pilots had been responsible. My companion said it was harassment.

On the morning I left, a gray-haired woman with the Berlin Tourist Office, packing me into a cab for Tempelhof, sought to divine the conflict of old and young. "I was born during the First World War," she said. "I lived through Nazism and the Second World War, and then the blockade, when I had to go out and hunt for a piece of bread. Now I have two sons who don't remember the bombs falling, and they say, 'Oh, Mother, you don't understand.'

"Well," she said just before my cab pulled away, "sometimes we just want to have a nice walk, to be outdoors in the sun."

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 57)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 59)

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THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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65 CHARMING COUNTRY INNS from New England to California in complete Directory with location, rates, personal recommendations. 25 cents. The Berkshire Traveller, Box 286, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

THE CARIBBEAN. Your own schooner; live shipmates, crew. Great grub, grog, ports of call. Skin-dive, navigate, explore; limbo till dawn. 10 days, $245. Windjammer, Dept. 122, Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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MY 41' RELIANT auxiliary yawl "SKONA" (means fair one) is ready in the Caribbean for active sailors or lazy escapists. Crewed or bare boat. Economy summer rates now in effect. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by *staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volks*wagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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If I grow up I want to be a fireman.

This child has Muscular Dystrophy. Slowly but relentlessly the disease will destroy his healthy muscles and replace them with useless fat. As the muscles deteriorate, he'll lose the strength to walk or stand. Later he won't be able to sit upright in a wheel chair or turn over in bed or even feed himself. His weakness leaves him so vulnerable to colds, pneumonia, or other complications, he rarely survives to maturity.

Scientists are beginning to penetrate the mystery of this tragic disease. Today there is some hope that these children will grow up. That hope lies in MDAA's massive scientific research program.

Only your contributions keep it going. Give generously.

Muscular Dystrophy Association of America
1790 Broadway, New York, New York 10019
Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, Honorary Chairman; Harry M. Wayne, President; Frank Lynn, Wayland, Chairman

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1892

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pliant, supple	18 39 46 59 68 97 121
B. Popeye's girl (full name)	122 130 137 177 184 186 216 20
C. Ruin	64 77 128 139 160 176 21 29
D. Token akin to the calumet (2 wds.)	30 41 44 55 119 86 107 150 154 196 57
E. Improves socially, morally, etc.	74 104 131 145 204 215 7
F. English novelist and dramatist (1867-1933)	48 58 80 82 156 166 180 200 2 17
G. Ceremonial prayers consisting of invocations and responses	42 49 71 108 185 198 84 31
H. Self-evident; aphoristic	81 133 147 116 207 217 228 13 67
I. "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than *many*——." (Matt.,10:31)	96 134 157 188 193 205 24 34
J. Sam Spade and Phillip Marlowe, for instance (2 wds.)	144 152 161 14 40 53 89 132 229 3 61
K. Followed by WORD N: Event of June 20, 1789, instrumental in starting the French Revolution (3 wds.)	98 5 38 101 124 223 73 175 194
L. Reciprocal influence	201 222 75 138 146 15 114 120 163 189 218
M. 2 wds. after *The:* novel by C. P. Snow	26 33 169 226 8 63
N. See WORD K (2 wds.)	94 135 191 203 210 35 117 221 6 12 100
O. 1938 Laurel and Hardy feature film (2 wds.)	103 171 181 195 50 85 91 111 115
P. In Gr. mythology, a stream that flows around the edge of the earth	202 212 36 52 66 106 127
Q. Gewgaws, trifles, objects of gawdy display	10 28 54 192 11 23 126 172 208 70
R. Laughably	136 227 209 72 4 149 158 9 125 167 173 43
S. Expressed with extreme economy; relieved of irrelevant matter	47 87 109 214 199 148 76 140 62 165
T. "Wherefore is light given *to him that is in misery,* and life unto the——." (3 wds., Job, 3:20)	22 110 182 162 56 213 88 69 143 224 187 60
U. Pertaining to controversy or disputation	153 225 113 83 183 19 220
V. John and Win-the-Fight, of Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair"	51 65 1 32 151 141 190 93 168 90
W. American explorer, made governor of the Louisiana Territory in 1807	105 178 179 95 164
X. Excessive	102 37 25 197 219 118 45 79 112 155
Y. Kept in stock by druggists	27 92 123 129 16 159 99 142 174
Z. Roman emperor who killed his mother, his wife, many associates, and himself	78 170 206 211

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 V	2 F	3 J		4 R	5 K	6 N	7 E	8 M		9 R	10 Q		11 Q		
12 N	13 H	14 J	15 L	16 Y	17 F		18 A	19 U	20 B	21 C		22 T	23 Q		24 I	25 X	26 M			
27 Y	28 Q		29 C	30 D	31 G	32 V		33 M	34 I	35 N	36 P	37 X	38 K	39 A	40 J	41 D	42 G	43 R		
	44 D	45 X		46 A	47 S	48 F	49 G	50 O	51 V	52 P	53 J	54 Q	55 D	56 T		57 D	58 F	59 A		
60 T	61 J		62 S	63 M	64 C		65 V	66 P		67 H	68 A	69 T	70 Q	71 G	72 R	73 K	74 E	75 L		
76 S	77 C	78 Z	79 X	80 F		81 H	82 F	83 U	84 G	85 O	86 D	87 S	88 T	89 J	90 V		91 O	92 Y		
	93 V	94 N		95 W	96 I		97 A	98 K	99 Y		100 N	101 K	102 X	103 O		104 E	105 W	106 P		
107 D	108 G	109 S	110 T	111 O	112 X	113 U	114 L		115 O	116 H	117 N	118 X	119 D	120 L	121 A		122 B	123 Y		
	124 K	125 R	126 Q	127 P		128 C	129 Y	130 B	131 E		132 J	133 H	134 I	135 N	136 R	137 B	138 L	139 C		
140 S	141 V		142 Y		143 T	144 J	145 E	146 L	147 H	148 S	149 R	150 D	151 V		152 J	153 U	154 D	155 X		
156 F	157 I	158 R		159 Y	160 C		161 J	162 T		163 L	164 W		165 S	166 F	167 R	168 V		169 M		
170 Z		171 O	172 Q	173 R	174 Y		175 K	176 C	177 B	178 W		179 W	180 F	181 O	182 T	183 U	184 B	185 G		
	186 B	187 T	188 I		189 L	190 V	191 N		192 Q	193 I	194 K	195 O	196 D	197 X	198 G	199 S	200 F	201 L		
202 P	203 N		204 E	205 I	206 Z		207 H	208 Q	209 R	210 N	211 Z	212 P	213 T	214 S	215 E	216 B		217 H		
218 L	219 X		220 U	221 N	222 L	223 K	224 T	225 U	226 M	227 R	228 H	229 J								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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OUR NEW LITTLE CAR WILL GET 25 MPG, MORE OR LESS.

And you can quote us on that.

Actually, the reason we say 'more or less' is that we're still testing the Vega 2300, and can't be sure of the final mileage figures.

But we can tell you that it's going pretty darn good so far.

It'll sip, not guzzle.

Some of our men in white coats have been getting up to 32 miles per gallon in tests.

Then again, some have gotten 22.

It depends a lot on the test conditions. And, of course, on how you drive. No matter how you look at it, though, Vega's gas mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the current crop of economy cars—and that's a very nice neighborhood.

It's particularly nice when you consider that unlike some little cars, ours will step right out when you step on the gas. Which is reassuring when you want to climb a steep hill or merge onto a freeway.

This happy combination of economy and performance is due mainly to a breakthrough in engine design.

140 CID-OHC 4 & other mysteries.

In all modesty, we can truthfully say that more research, more engineering know-how, and more technology went into this engine than into any other production engine in our history.

Basically, it's a 140-cubic-inch 90-horsepower overhead-cam four-cylinder engine. The block is die-cast aluminum—a high-silicon aluminum that allows the pistons to run up and down without the iron sleeves that were needed up until now.

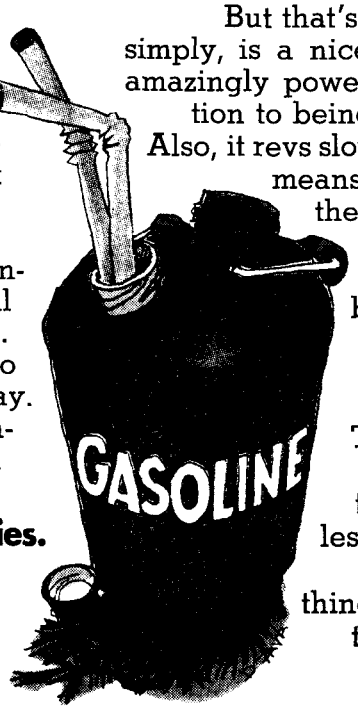
The little engine that could.

But that's all technical. What it means, simply, is a nice lightweight engine that is amazingly powerful and responsive in addition to being highly economical.

Also, it revs slowly at cruising speeds, which means that it's quiet. Besides, with the parts moving slower, they don't wear out as fast. The engine has open-design combustion chambers, to help the fuel burn more completely. And that in turn reduces pollutants in the exhaust.

The overhead cam means one third fewer moving parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

The engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega great. But that's another story.



VEGA
CHEVROLET

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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For four generations
we've been making medicines
as d peoples lve ve depended on them.
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